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Where is Home?

Home is where affection bind
Gentle hearts in union;
Where the voices all are kind,
Holding sweet communion.

Home is where the heart can rest
Safe from darkening sorrow;
Where the friends we love the best
Brighten every morrow!

Home is where the friends that love
To our hearts are given;
Where the blessing from above
Foretastes are of heaven!

Yes, 'tis home where smiles of cheer
Wreathe the bows that greet us;
And the one of all most dear
Ever comes to meet us!

The Boy and his Angel.

Oh, mother I've been with an angel to-day,
I was out all alone in the forest to play,
Chasing the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;
So I played and I played till so weary I grew,
I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew,
While the birds sang so sweetly, high up in the top,
I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop.
Thus a long while I sat looking up to the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,
When I heard a voice calling, just over my head,
That sounded as if "Come, Oh brother!" it said;
And there right up over the top of the tree,
Oh mother an angel was beck'ning to me.
And, "brother, once more come, Oh brother," he cried,
And flew on light pinions close down by my side!
And mother Oh, never was being so light,
As the one which then beamed on my wondering sight.
His face was as fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in fair ringlets fell,
While his eyes resting on me so melting with love,
Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove;
And somehow dear mother I felt not afraid,
As his hand on my own he caressingly laid,
And whispering so softly and so gently to me,
"Come brother, the angels are waiting for thee!"
And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed
Such kisses, Oh mother, they thrilled through my breast
As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high
When the chariot of God rolls along the black sky;
While his breath floating 'round me was soft as the breeze
That played in my tresses and rustled the trees.
At last on my head a deep blessing he poured,
Then plumed his bright pinions, upwards he soared;
And up, up he went through the blue sky so far,
He seemed to float there like a glittering star;
Yet still my eyes followed his radiant flight,
Till lost in the azure he passed from my sight.
Then Oh how I feared as I caught the last gleam
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream!
When soft voices whispered once more from the tree,
"Come brother the angels are waiting for thee!"
Oh pale grew the mother and heavy her heart,
For she knew her fair boy from this world must depart,
That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb,
Ere th' autumn winds withered the summer's rich bloom.
Oh, how his young footsteps she watch'd day by day,
As his delicate form wasted slowly away,
Till the soft light of Heaven seemed shed o'er his face,
And he crept up to die in her loving embrace.
"Oh, clasp me dear mother, close, close to your breast,
On that gentle pillow again let me rest.
Let me gaze up once more to that dear loving eye,
And then Oh, me thinks I can willingly die.
Now kiss me dear mother! Oh quickly, for see—
The bright blessed angels are waiting for me!
Oh wild was the anguish that swept through her breast
As the long frantic kiss on his pale lips she pressed,
And felt the vain search of his soft pleading eye,
As it strove to meet her's ere the fair boy should die,
"I see you not dear mother, for darkness and night
Are hiding your dear loving face from my sight,
But I hear your low sobbings, dear mother good bye,
The angels are ready to bear me on high!
I will wait for you there,—but Oh, tarry not long,
Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song."
He ceased, with his hands meekly clasped on his breast
And his sweet face sank down on its pillow of rest;
Then closed his eyes, now all rayless and dim,
Went up with the angels that waited for him.

THE ONE DOLLAR BILL.

How it did rain that November night! None of your undecided showers, with hesitating intervals, as it were between; none of your mild persistent patterings on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild deluge, a rush of arrowy drops and a thunder of opening floods!

Squire Partlet heard the angry rattle against the casements, and drew his snug easy chair a little closer to the fire—a great open mass of glimmering anthracite—and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective satisfaction at the crimson moreen curtains, and the gray cat fast asleep on the hearth, and the canary bird rolled into a drowsy ball of yellow down on its perch.

"This is snug," quoth the Squire. "I'm glad I had that leaky spot in the barn roof fixed last week. I don't object to a stormy night once in a while when a fellow's under cover, and there's nothing particular to be done, Mary!"

"Yes," Mrs. Partlet answered. She was flitting about, between kitchen and sitting room, with a great blue checked apron tied round her waist. "I'm nearly ready to come in now, Josiah. Now, I wonder," *sotto voce*, "if that was really a knock at the door, or just a little extra rush of the wind and rain."

She went to the door, nevertheless, and a minute or two afterwards she went to her husband's chair.

"Joe, dear, it's Luke Ruddiloves" she said, half apprehensively. The Squire never looked up from his paper.

"Tell him he's made a mistake. The tavern is on the second corner beyond."

"But he wants to know if you will lend him a dollar!" said Mrs. Partlet.

"And couldn't you have told him, No, without the preliminary ceremony of coming in here to ask me? It is likely that I shall lend a dollar or even a cent to Luke Ruddilove? Why, I had a great deal better throw it among yonder red coals! No—of course, No?"

Mrs. Partlet hesitated.

"He looks so pinched and cold and wretched, Josiah. He says there's nobody in the world to let him have a cent."

"All the better for him, if he did but know it," sharply enunciated the Squire. "If he had come to just that patch half a dozen years ago, perhaps he wouldn't have been the miserable vagabond he is now."

"We used to go to school together," said Mrs. Partlet, gently. "He was the smartest boy in the class."

"That's probable enough," said the Squire. "But it don't alter the fact that he's a poor, drunken wretch now. Send him about his business, Mary; and if his time is of any consequence, just let him know that he had better not waste it coming here after dollars."

And the Squire leaned back in his chair after a positive fashion, as if the whole matter was definitely settled.

Mrs. Partlet went back to the kitchen, where Luke Ruddilove was spreading his poor thin fingers over the blaze of fire, his tattered garments steaming as if he was a pillar of vapor.

"He won't let you have it, Luke,' said she. "I thought he wouldn't."

"Then I've got to starve, like any other dog!" said Luke Ruddilove, turning moodily away. "And, after all, I don't suppose it makes much difference whether I shuffle out of the world to-day or to-morrow!"

"Oh, Luke—not to your wife?"

"She'd be better off without me," said Luke, down-heartedly.

"But she ought not to be."

"Ought and is are two different things, Mrs. Partlet. Good night. I ain't going to the tavern, though I'll wager something the Squire thought I was."

"And isn't it natural enough he should think so Luke?"

"Yes—yes, Mary; I don't say but what it is," murmured Luke Ruddilove, in the same dejected tone he had used throughout the interview.

"Stop!" Mrs. Partlet called to him, as his hand lay on the door latch, in a low voice. "Here's a dollar, Luke. Mr. Partlet gave it to me for a new piece of oilcloth in front of the dining room stove, but I'll try and make the old one do a little while longer. And Luke, for the sake of old times—for the sake of your poor wife and the little ones at home—do, do try to do better."

Luke Ruddilove looked vacantly first at the fresh, new bank bill in his hand, and then at the blooming young matron who had placed it there.

"Thank you, Mary," he said, and crept out of the warm, bright kitchen into the storm and darkness that reigned without. Mrs. Partlet stood looking into the kitchen fire.

"I dare say I've done a very foolish thing," she pondered; "but indeed I could not help it. Of course he'll spend it all at the public house, and I shall do without my new oilcloth; that will be the end of it all.

And there was a conscious flush on her cheek, as if she had done something wrong, when she rejoined the Squire in the sitting room.

"Well," said Squire Partlet, "has that ne'er do well gone at last?"

"Yes.'

"To Stokes' tavern, I suppose?"

"I hope not, Josiah."

I'm afraid it's past hoping for," said the Squire, shrugging his shoulders. "And now for a pleasant evening. How it does rain, to be sure."

And Mrs. Partlet kept the secret of the dollar bill within her own heart.

It was six months afterwards that the Squire came into the room where his wife was preserving great red apples into jelly.

"Well, well," quoth he, "wonders never will cease. The Ruddiloves have gone away."

"Where?"

"I don't know—out West somewhere, with a colony. And they say Luke hasn't touched a drop in six months.

"I'm glad of that," said Mrs. Partlet.

"It won't last long," said the Squire, despairingly.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't any faith in these sudden reforms."

Mrs. Partlet was silent; she thought thankfully that, after all, Luke had not spent the dollar in liquor.

Six months—six years—the time sped along, in days and weeks, almost before busy little Mrs. Partlet knew that it was gone. The Ruddiloves had come back to Sequosset. Luke had made his fortune, as the story went in the far away El Dorado, vaguely phrased "out West" by the simple Sequosseters.

"They do say," said Mrs. Buckingham, "that he's bought that ere lot down opposite the Court House, and he's goin' to build such a house as never was."

"He must have prospered greatly," said gentle Mrs. Partlet.

"And his wife, she wears a silk gown that will stand alone with it's own richness," said Mrs. Buckingham. "I can remember when Luke Ruddilove was nothing but a poor drunken creetur."

"All the more credit to him now," said Mrs. Partlet emphatically.

"It's to be sure all o' stun," said Mrs. Buckingham, "with marble mantles and inlaid floors. And he's put a lot o' papers and things under the corner one."

"The corner what!" said Mrs. Hartlet, laughing.

"Floor or mantle?"

"Stun, to be sure," said Mrs. Buckingham. "Like they do in public buildings, you know."

"That is natural enough."

"Well, it's kind o' queer, but Luke Ruddilove never wan't like anybody else. Folks thinks it's dreadful strange he should put a one dollar bill in with other things."

Mrs. Partlet felt her cheek flush scarlet; involuntarily she glanced up to where the Squire was serenely checking off a list of legal items in the bill he was making out against some client. But the Squire never looked around, and Mrs. Buckingham went on with her never-ceasing flow of chit chat, and so the hot color died away in her cheek. After all, the money had been her own to give, and the old oilcloth in front of the dining room stove had answered very well.

She met Luke Ruddilove that afternoon for the first time since his return from Sequosset—Luke himself, yet not himself—the demon of intemperance crushed out of his nature, and it's better, nobler elements triumphing at last. He looked her brightly in the face, and he held out his hand.

"Mary."

"I am glad to see you back here again, Luke," she said, tremulously.

"And well you may be," he rejoined. "Do you remember that stormy night, Mary, when you gave me that dollar bill, and begged me not to go to the tavern?"

"Yes."

"That night was the pivot on which my whole destiny turned. You were kind to me when every one spoke coldly; you trusted in me when all other faces were averted. I vowed a vow to myself to prove worthy of your confidence and I kept it. I did not spend the money—I treasured it up—and Heaven has added mightily to my little store. I put the dollar bill under the corner stone of my new house, for the house has risen from it and it alone. I won't offer to pay you back, for I am afraid," he added, smilingly, "the luck would all go from me with it; but I'll tell you what I will do, Mary. I will give money and words of trust and encouragement to some other poor wretch, as you gave to me."

And Squire Partlet never knew what his wife did with the dollar bill he gave her to buy a new piece of oilcloth.

A Lot of Suns.—Some astronomers have computed that there are no less than 75,000,000 suns in the universe. The fixed stars are all suns, and have, like our sun, numerous planets revolving around them. The solar system, or that to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, belonging to it. The circular field of space which it occupies is in diameter 3,600,000,000 of miles, and that which it controls is much greater. That sun which is nearest neighbor to ours is called Sirius, distant from our sun 22,000,000,000 of miles. Now, if the fixed stars are as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun, and if the solar system be the average magnitude of the systems of 75,000,000 of suns, what imagination can grasp the immensity of creation? Every sun of the 75,000,000 controls a field of space of about 10,000,000 of miles in diameter. Who can survey a plantation containing 75,000,000 circular fields, each of them 10,000,000 miles in diameter? Such, however, is one of the plantations of Him who has measured the water in the hollow of His hand, and meted our heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance; Him who, sitting upon the orbit of the earth, stretches out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in!

A Terre Haute, Ind., professional sheep-shearer says that he has not seen such fine fleeces in the last fifteen years as this year's clip shows.

The Anti-Jewish Riot.

A correspondent of the *Levant Herald* writing from Smyrna, says: "We have passed through a week of great excitement and anxiety at Smyrna. A few days ago the report flew around the town that the body of a poor Christian child of four years of age was lying exposed at the Greek hospital, who had been tortured and murdered by a band of ferocious cannibal Jews, who, it was declared, required the blood of a Christian child as a sacrifice every year at their Passover. I at once proceeded to the Greek Hospital, as upward of 10,000 people had done before me and, on inquiry of the surgeon found that the death of the child had been one of accidental drowning.

On expressing my surprise that such a melodramatic sort of exhibition should be made over the body, the crowd being admitted in immense numbers to inspect and overhaul the remains, I was assured that there was no other way of counteracting the effect of the fable in circulation, and persuading the excited populace that the child had been simply drowned and not put to death by torture. Even as it was, the worthy surgeon expressed his fear that the fanaticism of the mob would lead to serious results, and his apprehension, unfortunately was too speedily and sadly realized. A fearful onset was made upon the Jews that very day. In vain did the priests from the church pulpits and elsewhere proclaim the truth, and assure the people that the child had simply met its death by drowning. Every Jew met with was horribly maltreated, and, after some hours of indicision, in which it was vainly hoped that sober sense might prevail, the excited Greek mob, with all the rascality of the town in its train, made for the Jewish quarter, sacked the houses, murdered the inmates, and committed other acts of brutal atrocity. Many Jews at length turned upon their assailants, and from attacked, in self defense became attackers. Then the fury ot the Greek rabble knew no bounds; men were fiendishly beaten, women were violated, children even were not spared, and day after day until Wednesday was the Jewish quarter converted into a pandemonium of pillage, rape and murder. Not until then did Hamdi Pasha, Governor of Smyrna, and responsible for human life and public order within its walls; not until then did he advance the troops upon the scene and quell the mob effectually. The apparent inaction of Hamdi Pasha may be explained by the fact that on Saturday he had only 180 soldiers in the town to make headway against 10,000 of a fanatical and exasperated Greek populace, whereas, brought in hurridly from all quarters, we have now eight full battalions of troops. The result is that the rioters have held their hands; the mob is kept thoroughly in check; and lamentable as what has occurred, you need have no fear of its renewal.

The Birds in Winter.

What do the birds do in winter? Many, you know go South. As a general thing, winter's cold does not seem to affect those that stay with us. The truth is, birds are remarkably well guarded against cold by their thick covering of down and feathers, and the quick circulation of their blood. The chickadee is never so lively as in the cold weather. When the thermometer is three or four degrees below zero, it shows by its behavior that it is pretty cold. On such a morning I have seen a small flock of them on the sunny side of a thick hemlock, rather quiet, with ruffled feathers, like balls of gray fur, waiting, with an occasional chirp, for the sun's rays to warm them up; a little sober, perhaps, but ready, if cold continued, to get used to it. What do they eat? Our merciful Father does not leave the earth bare. There is food enough and to spare. The seeds of the grasses and taller summer flowers, and the elders, birches and maples furnish supplies that the cold and snow does not destroy; also the buds of various trees and shrubs, for the buds do not first come in the spring, as some people think; there are buds all winter; there are insects, too.

A sunny nook any time during the winter will show you a variety of two-winged flies, and several kinds of spiders, often in numbers, and as brisk as ever. Then in the crevices of the tree bark and dead wood there must be something nice to be had, judging from the activity of the chickadees, gold-crests, and their associates. In the winter no mischief can be done; there is no fruit to steal. Nothing can be destroyed now except the farmers' enemies; yet the birds keep at work all the time. Winter, too, is favorable to sociability among birds as among people. The chickadee the gold-crested wren, the white-breasted nut-hatch, and the downy wood-pecker form a little winter clique. You do not often see one of the members without one or more of the others. No sound in nature is more cheery than the calls of a little troop of this kind, echoing through the woods on a still, sunny day in winter—the lively chatter of the chickadee, the slender contented pipe of the golden crests, and the emphatic, business-like hank of the nut-hatch, as they drift leisurely along from tree to tree.

The Lottery Business.—It is estimated by a person fully conversant with its details that there are in New York city between five hundred and fifty and six hundred places where lottery numbers are sold. The amount of money daily received at these places averages $20,000 per day, or $120,000 per week, and for the year $6,240,000. The profits of the business, if legitimately conducted, would be great; as it is, they are claimed to be enormous. It is alleged that the business is now simply fraudulent. The numbers given out to the various policy shops, and against which those who invest their money play or bet, are supposed to be those first drawn in the lotteries sanctioned by the States of Louisiana and Missouri, the results of such drawings being telegraphed each day from the places where the drawings are held to the principals of the lottery business in this city. It is alleged that in many instances these numbers have been falsified in order to cheat those who have wagered on the result, and in various other ways have the credulous gamblers been duped.

True Hospitality.—I pray you, oh! excellent wife, cumber not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man and woman that have alighted at our gate; or bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost; these things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village; but rather let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents, and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price in the city, what he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparely, and sleep hardly, to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality, be in bed and board; but truth, and love, and honor, and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds.—*Emerson.*

Horrible.—A pig-drover, early in the morning, having in vain knocked for admittance at the doors of a public house near the gates of the Polish town Jaroslaw, at last bethought himself of looking through one of the windows, when he was struck by a most appalling sight. There lay several horribly mutilated corpses in a pool of blood. The landlord, his wife, three children (the eldest of whom is six years of age), and a maidservant, were found in the same room, with bleeding wounds and broken skulls. The whole house was in a state of disorder. The perpetrators have not been traced as yet.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

Switzerland—The Home of Wm. Tell—Mountain Scenery—A Brilliant Illumination, Etc., Etc.

Just before reaching Fluelen, the boat stopped at Tell's Platte, a ledge of rocks at the base of Arcenberg mountain, where, shaded by overhanging trees, and almost washed by the waters of the lake, stands the romantic chapel of William Tell. It contains a few rudely executed frescoes representing scenes from Tell's history, and was erected by the canton of Uri, on the spot where the Swiss libgrator sprang out of Gessler's boat. About five minutes after we left the chapel the boat stopped at Fluelen. We there took a carriage to Altorf, and after a quick but dusty ride of thirty minutes arrived at the scene of William Tell's world renowned exploit. It is a very rude village, and the event that makes it interesting is perpetuated by yet ruder art, but the spot is not less dear to the people and interesting to strangers, who visit it in crowds. A fountain in the middle of the town, which is surmounted by his statue, marks the spot where the hero stood when taking his perilous aim, and a tower close to it covered with rough frescoes occupies the place where the tree grew to which he was bound.

There is also another statue of Tell, larger than life size, made of plaster, which stands on a pedestal a short distance from the fountain. It was presented to Altorf in 1861 by the riflemen of Zurich. We also visited the Capuchin Monastery above the church, and it is claimed to be the most ancient of Switzerland. After taking lunch at the hotel, we drove back to Fluelen, arriving there in time to meet the boat to Luzerne, where, after a pleasant sail up the lake, we arrived about 5 P. M., thoroughly delighted with the excursion we had made. The following day we left Lucerne at 11.25 by steamboat for Alpnach, where we took a diligence for a ride over the Brunig Pass to Brienz on our way to Interlaken. After leaving Lucerne it began to rain, and continued until we arrived at Alpnach, when it cleared off, the sun came out and it continued pleasant the remainder of the day. We had secured the "banquette," which is an outside seat back of the diligence, and over it was a moveable top, that could be put on in case of wet or hot weather. It gave us an excellant opportunity of viewing the scenery without unnecessary exposure. After a delightful day's ride through some charming Swiss scenery, we reached Brienz about 5 P. M., where we took the steamboat and crossed the lake to Giessbach. After arriving at the hotel and securing a room, we took a walk to see the Falls, which are the attraction of the place. The Falls are seven in number and precipitate themselves from a height of 1,148 feet above the lake. One thing gives an exquisite charm to the Falls, and that is the richness of the foliage and brilliant green of the herbage, which is owing to the continued spray which prevents it being burnt or withered by the heat of the sun. In hot weather it must be perfectly delightful to rest under the shadow of the lofty trees and enjoy the coolness of the breeze produced by the Falls. The landlord of the hotel treats his guests every evening during the season to a grand illumination of the Falls for which we were charged twenty cents for the first night and after that there is no charge. While at dinner the landlord informed us that if we would go to the terrace before 9 P. M., the Falls would be lit up at that hour. We were on hand at the appointed time, and when the signal rocket flashed in the air, our souls were thoroughly ripened for the coming wonder by those few minutes of trembling expectation. The rocket flashed up—the Bengal lights blazed out crimson, green, purple and blue, and each of the most beautiful shade of color. First the dark firs and foliage on each side of the Falls were all ablaze with light, then the waters gleamed out stream after stream of the brightest of reds, the most emerald of greens, and the lovliest shades of violet and blue. Rapid and fitful the ever changing hues flitted up and down the successive leaps of the Falls. The effect was magical, not to be forgotten by any one who had seen it; worth seeing at the cost of many a dollar and ever so much trouble. When it was over we were all like Oliver Twist, "asking for more." I would advise every one going to Switzerland if it is possible, to see the illumination of the Giessbach Falls. It is in every sense of the word "a success," and to use a favorite quotation, "a thing of beauty, and a joy forever." Next morning we left by the boat for Interlaken, and after a fine sail on the lake arrived there at noon.

The day was cloudy, and everything betokened a storm, and by the time we were in our rooms in the Hotel Jungfrau it commenced to rain, and continued at intervals during the afternoon and evening. When we arrived, the Jungfrau could be seen in all its beauty from the windows of our room. Framed as a picture between the mountains that come down to the plain on either side of the valley of the Lauterbrunner, the artist has but to take his place on the balcony of the Hotel Jungfrau, to find his composition ready made to his hand. For a foreground he has the active life of the promenade, bordered with noble trees; beyond a broad green meadow, dotted with cattle; and beyond that again, skirts of wood, with the smoke of unseen dwellings curling above the tree tops; and then the grand framework of the mountains at the entrance of the valley, and between them, eminence rising above eminence until the line of snow is reached; and finally the Jungfrau, towering in its shining garments to the heavens. It was one of the handsomest sights we had witnessed in Switzerland, and the hotel Jungfrau one of the best we had seen anywhere in Europe.

During the afternoon we walked through the village stopping to look in the windows of the different stores, nearly every one of which is filled with Swiss carvings, stereoscopic views, and photographs of alpine scenery.

The remainder of the day was spent in the hotel, the streets being to muddy for walking, and before retiring for the night made arrangements for a carriage to go at 9 A.M. next day to Grindelwald, and Lauterbrunen, and visit the Falls of the Staubbach. But "man proposes and God disposes." When we awoke the following morning the rain was falling rapidly, and continued all the forenoon. Seeing no prospect of its clearing off, we concluded to leave Interlaken, which we did by boat at 1 P.M.

Lake Thun is about fifteen miles long and three miles in width. The approach to Thun is singularly picturesque. The chateaux of the wealthy and the nobility, some of them bearing the marks of centuries, and others constructed in the very best style of modern architecture, are placed in the most favorable localities, and, as the little steamer winds along, a combination is presented that is really inspiring. Thun itself is an old and romantic town. The appearance of one street is very remarkable. In front of the houses a row of shops and cellars about ten feet high, project; and on the flat roof of which is the pavement, for foot passengers, and the approach to the shops. The western portion of the town is situated on an islet, formed by two branches of the river, and traversed by a single street, the Rosengarten. By the time we had reached Thun the storm had ceased, the sun came out bright and warm, and the view of the mountains from the deck of the steamer was one which for natural grandeur was nowhere to be surpassed even in Switzerland.

From Thun to Berne it was but a short ride, and by 4 P.M. we were comfortably located in the Hotel Berner Hof one of the finest in Switzerland. We had been from one end of Switzerland to the other, and now saw, once more, the mighty mountains with which we had become familiar, collected in one grand landscape, before losing sight of them, perhaps forever. As in some of the Italian cities, the principal street in Berne, on the crest of the ridge whose base sweeps the Aar, is lined with arcades; emerging from these, we crossed the Aar by a handsome stone bridge to the opposite side of the river. Not far from the bridge is the Barengraben or Bear garden, which is a walled pit, sunk some twenty feet below the pavement, in which were several bears, and around the parapet were a number of men, women and children watching the animals.

The ancient Egyptians had not a greater veneration for the Ibis, than the modern Bernese have for the Bear, which would seem to be the tutelary deity, as well as heraldic emblem of the canton. Here Bruin in *propria persona* is supported, according to immemorial usage, at the expense of the municipality; and great is the amusement he affords by his cumbrous gambols.

The architecture of the old houses is most quaint and grotesque. Crossing the principal street is a large clock tower, in front of which stood a crowd of people waiting for the hour to strike. A few minutes before five o'clock, a wooden cock gave the signal, by clapping its wings and crowing: a minute later, several bears walk 'round a seated figure; the cock then repeated his signal, and when the hour struck five, the seated figure, an old man with a patriarchal beard, turned an hour glass and counted the hour by raising his sceptre, and opening his mouth, while a bear on his right inclined his head: an odd looking figure struck the hour on a bell with a hammer, and the cock concluded the performance by crowing for the third time.

Near the tower was another of the sights of Berne, known as the Fountain of the Ogre, or the Kindlifresser-Brunnen as it is called in German. It is a singular looking figure, on the top of a pedestal in the centre of the fountain, in the act of devouring a child, while several others doomed to the same fate protrude from his pockets and girdle; below the figure is a troop of armed bears.

We stopped a few moments at the Cathedral, but found nothing there of any interest. In the open space at the west part of it we saw a fine statue of Rudolph von Erlach, the conqueror at Laupen, and at the corners of it were four very healthy looking bears.

We had a delightful drive through the environs, crossing the river at Pont de Wydeck, and then following the ascending road on the left, to the table-land, commanding a fine view to the north, and stopping at Schanzli, where there is an excellant cafe, from whose terrace, while enjoying "a small bottle," we had the same grand view which we had from the windows of the Berner Hof Hotel, with the addition of the city itself as a foreground on the opposite bank of the river. Leaving the Schanzli, the river was crossed lower down, near the railroad bridge, and after driving around the city in every direction we returned to the hotel. Later in the evening we had a charming view of the Bernese Alps by moonlight. B. M.

Fashion Notes.

Says a New York fashion journal:

A dainty hat of white chip, with a scarf of pale blue tulle, a rose with just the faintest blush upon it, and a trailing vine, which falls with the scarf at the back, is one of the gems of the season.

Another charming little hat of Italian straw, with a cluster of golden-headed pansies, a band and loops of two shades of pale violet ribbon, and a long scarf of black tulle edged with Chantilly lace, is attractive enough to suit the most fastidious taste.

The pointed veils of black Spanish lace are very fashionable, and are generally becoming, which is, of course, the very best reason for their being *la mode*. However, the veil of real Chantiily still holds its favor with ladies of requisite taste.

Two or three fichus of either black or white lace are now quite indispensible to a lady's wardrobe. They form a very heavy addition to a toilette, and may be made to harmonize with any dress by the simple change of ribbon bows.

Among the novelties in suits which we have noticed lately is a dress of blue silk. Upon the bottom of the skirt is placed a very deep flounce, which flounce is trimmed first with a narrow ruffle, next with a band of salmon-colored guipure insertion, above this a double box plaiting of silk, and still another which covers the seam where the flounce is put on to the skirt. The polonaise of blue silk, which is cut in the princess shape, is trimmed with two rows of the salmon insertion, and a deep fall of the same colored guipure lace. A small double talma, open at the back and trimmed to correspond with the rest, is worn with the polonaise. A bow of blue gros grain ribbon with long ends is placed upon the back of the talma.

A dress of foulard, striped in two shades of grey, has the underskirt cut so that the stripes run bias. This is trimmed with three narrow ruffles of plain silk of the darkest shade of gray. The polonaise of the striped foulard is cut straightway of the goods, is made with a Watteau plait in the back, and is trimmed with a narrow ruffle to match the ruffles upon the street. The sleeves are small, flowing, trimmed with a ruffle which extends to the elbow, where it is finished with a bow. A bow is also placed at the back above the Wafteau plait, and bows are used to fasten the front of the polonaise.

A Word to Landlords.—The New York *Standard* in referring to the summer flight of so many Americans to Europe, takes the occasion to say a few words to the landlords, who, it declares, are actually driving away renumerative customers by their greed. While there are places, within two or three hundred miles of our large cities, possessing abundant attractions, thousands go abroad as a matter of economy. They assert that so high are the hotel charges at our own watering places and mountain resorts that they cannot afford to seek health and a summer's pleasure at home. It is cheaper to pay for a week or ten days on the ocean and pass two or three months in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, than to climb the White Mountains, sketch the lunar bow at Niagara or taste the surf at Long Branch or Newport. Europe offers more for the money, so thither our citizens go, taking very considerable amounts of currency which they would much rather spend at home, provided it could be made to go as far.

The Franking Privilege.—Before the last U. S. Congress adjourned, Mr. Farnsworth introduced the bill abolishing the franking privilege, which was defeated early in the session. The vote stood 128 n favor, to 29 against.

The word love in the Indian language is "schemleudamoushtcwageretar."

How Beecher Talks.

The following extract is from a Sunday sermon of Henry Ward Beecher:—People who were never sick could never believe that anybody else was sick; but let any man get an autumnal catarrh, and before he gets through he will find that nearly every other man he meets has got an autumnal catarrh. How few there were who remembered the young gentlemen at picnics paying their polite attentions to the ill-favored and the homely ladies of that party! What an artistic eye those young men seemed to have! How they seemed to have singled out the girls with pencilled eyebrows, the delicate profiles, and the sparkling eyes, and how few of them bestowed a word of kindliness and thoughtfulness to the poor girl who was half crippled! We should therefore make a habit of bearing burdens in this way, and our piety would be something more than a sentimental pleasure. Then there were a number of self-possessed people, who were always living in a groove of comfort, and who had never been out of it. If shiftless, thriftless, ne'er-do-well people went to them for assistance, it was so much easier to say to a man, "Go West, go West!" than it was to think and act on his behalf. Why, if it would please Divine Providence to make these self-possessed people shiftless and thriftless for a month, it would do them a sight of good. They would find out then how much good telling a man to "go West" would do him. (Laughter.) Poverty is a good thing and a bad thing. We all say, "Blessed are the poor," and if there is one blessing more than another that we do not wish for ourselves it is that.

It seemed a marvel to some people what boys were created for. If you could get a boy shot from the bow at birth clear up into manhood that would be all very well. But a boy, what a plague he is! What a blessing at one time of his life he is to his mother. Was there ever a neighborhood that had a bad boy in it that that boy was not the worst boy in the world? You see two men coming along the street, and they know him when they see him. One of them puts out his foot towards the boy, and says: "Git along you little cuss!" But the other man talks to him as though there might be some latent good in him, and asks him whether he would not like to be a better boy and do some good for somebody. Which of these two is bearing the boy's burden?

Then there was a way we had of talking about our friends, or the people we know. It was a bad thing to speak evil, but it was a much worse thing to think evil one of another. It was this supercilious Pharisaism that was so difficult to deal with. It was said that New Orleans was the worst city in the States and that Boston was the best. Well, he (Mr. Beecher) would rather undertake to cure the bottom section of New Orleans than he would the bottom section of Boston. The good people coalesced, kept to themselves, had no fellowship with the erring, were so far above the bad people, that in Boston it would be difficult to raise the bottom section of the population into sympathy with the good. These latter were very apt to think that they had done their duty, when they had sent some poor, half-starved missionary to preach a little bit of the Gospel of Christ to the bottom sections of the population of their city.

The Boat Race.

The contest between the Atlantas of the United States and the London Rowing club, was won by the latter in an easy manner. A London correspondent says: Both crews being in readiness, the gun for the start was fired at 6:23, and in an instant the water flashed as the oars of both crews dipped, and both boats sprang from their position as if impelled by one common power. To the surprise of all who had witnessed the practice of both crews, the Londoners were the first to show in advance, and in about two hundred yards had forged a clear length, and were gradually taking the Atlanta's water. At the head of the river, close to Barnes Bridge, the London men had increased their lead to a length and a half, amid deafening shouts of "Go it Stout," "up with her Withers," according as the feelings of the crowd dictated, and bravely did both crews respond to the cheers and enthusiasm of those on the shore. Doc Withers here called upon his men for a spurt, and nobly did they answer his appeal, gradually lessening the gap which existed between the boats, until they almost lapped the London boat. The fearful exertions they had made to do this, however, began to tell a tale, and the Americans already began to exhibit slight signs of exhaustion. Despite the gallant efforts of the Atlantas to hold their position, when they reached the waterworks opposite Chiswick Mall, the Englishmen were rapidly gaining on them, Stout, the London stroke, pulling a long and steady stroke which did not appear to distress his crew in the least, and which yet increased their lead bit by bit. Going down Corney Reach, the Englishmen gained still more rapidly; the distress of the Americans being so great that they were obliged to slacken their pace. At Hammersmith bridge the Londoners led by twenty boat lengths, and the race was practically at an end. The Americans pulled on, however, but below the bridge they were run into and had to stop for an instant; this had no effect upon the race, as it was already lost. Crossing to Craven Point from the soapworks the Londoners put on a spurt and regularly walked away from their rivals and arrived at Putney bridge at 6:50 amid enthusiastic cheering. The Atlantas followed and pulled the entire course, but were fearfully exhausted as they stepped out of their boat, when they were as heartily cheered for their pluck as were the Londoners. The time given as official was 21.16, over a course of four and a quarter miles. Thus finished one of the pluckiest and most determined stern races ever pulled by a defeated crew over this long and trying course. There is no doubt that they were outweighed and completely outrowed.

A Singular Act.—We learn from the Whitewater, (Wis.) *Register* that C. M. Clark recently found the bodies of twelve of his best sheep piled up in a corner of the fence near the railroad. Their throats had been cut and the pelts taken off. Mr. Freeman lost seven sheep in Lima the same way, and another farmer not far from Whitewater lost thirty. At the present high price of wool good pelts are worth three and four dollars each. No clue to the perpetrators of this villainous act has yet been discovered.

Another Queer Way of Marrying.—A pair were married at Plainview, Minnesota, in an unusual way lately. The ceremony was performed in a dancing hall, the floor of which was filled for dancing, except one set. Then the happy couple followed by three newly married couples, stepped forward and formed the lacking set, the minister stepped into the centre of the circle and performed the ceremony, the music struck up, and the dance went forward as if nothing had happened.

Sensible Idea.—The board of agriculture of the state of Maine have decided that one-fourth of the money received from the state by the county agricultural societies shall be devoted to the organization of farmers' clubs.

In a Cranberry Patch.

Some years ago Mr. Sackett was a successful merchant in Chicago and being known as a man of generous and speculative turn of mind he was requested by two friends of his to invest with them an equal share in the purchase of western land with a view to its rapid increase in price. More as an accommodation to them than regard for the profit, he consented, and furnishing his part they went West to make the purchase, while he remained at his business in Chicago. Now these enterprising friends of his found that they could buy up a large tract of land near Berlin, Wis., very low by including in it a portion of worthless swamp. They closed the trade and in making the division among themselves they took each a third of the fine land and left the mud and water for Mr. Sackett, who had never seen the land and accepted the division on faith in his friends and for some time he continued to pay the taxes until he failed in business and thinking to realize on the sale of it, he went West for that purpose, when to his dismay, he found that far from being able to sell it, he could not even give it away. Sighing just a little at the duplicity of his friends, who had so divided the valuable and left him the worthless, he wandered over the swamp, he almost disdained to call his own and splashed through its mud and water in desperate hopelessness. Poverty and want, stared him in the face, when, lo, something else stared him in the face too; he found something upon his land. What was it? It was not California gold nor North Africa diamonds, neither was it oil, iron or coal. It was wild Cranberries. "Presto change!" Now mark the result; that land is worth $800 per acre, and he is worth half a million dollars. He was a shrewd man, with an eye to business and he saw at once a fortune in those Cranberries and went to work to realize it by cultivation and systematic labor, and now he has a regularly trained brigade of children and hands to pick and prepare the Cranberries for market, for which he realizes as high as $24 per barrel, while the men who intended to play a joke on him now mourn over their own unvaluable land and sigh for the fortune their joking lost them.

This is true, and if it is not as romantic as fiction, it has a better moral.

Bennett and Webb.

The late Mr. Bennett twice suffered street-attacks from Mr. James Watson Webb. The first attack was made on Wall street in the month of January, 1836. On this occasion Mr. Bennett was knocked down and struck with a stick. He told the story in the *Herald*, saying: "General Webb, by going up behind me, cut a slash in my head, about one and a half inches in length, and through the integuments of the skull. The fellow, no doubt, wanted to let out the never-failing supply of good humor and wit, which has created such a reputation for the *Herald*, and appropriate the contents to supply the emptiness of his own thick skull. He has not injured the skull. My ideas in a few days will flow as freshly as ever, and he will find it so to his cost." The result of this report was that the *Herald* containing the account of the fracas sold 9,000 copies. On the 9th of May, 1836, Mr. Bennett was again assaulted by General Webb in Wall street, very near the scene of the former attack. As was the case with the first assault a newspaper controversy led to this second exhibition of anger on the part of General Webb. The particulars of this affair were also duly given in the *Herald* by Mr. Bennett. In his autobiographical account of it, after describing the mode of General Webb's attack he said: "My damages is a scratch, about three-quarters of an inch in length, on the third finger of the left hand, which I received from the iron railing I was forced against, and three buttons torn from my vest, which any tailor will reinstate for a sixpence. His loss is a rent from top to bottom of a very beautiful black coat, which cost the ruffian $40, and a blow in the face, which may have knocked down his throat some of his infernal teeth for anything I know. Balance in my favor, $39 94." Thus was it that even out of his misfortunes did Mr. Bennett extract nourishment for his struggling paper. It was by such direct gossip with the public, upon all imaginable subjects, light sketches of city life, and half earnest and half cynical references to events in which he himself figured, that in the earlier years of the *Herald* was laid the foundation of its ultimate success as a newspaper.

A Word to Fathers.

We have read a story of a little boy, who, when he wanted a new suit of clothes, begged his mother to ask his father if he might have it. The mother suggested that the boy might ask for himself. "I would," said the boy, "but I don't feel well enough acquainted with him." There is a sharp reproof to the father in the reply of his son. Many a father keeps his children so at a distance from him that they never feel confidently acquainted with him. They feel that he is a sort of monarch in the family. They feel no familiarity with him. They fear him and respect him, and even love him some, for children cannot help loving somebody about them; but they seldom get near enough to him to feel intimate with him They seldom go to him with their wants and trials. They approach him through the mother. They tell her everything. They have a highway to her heart on which they go in and out with perfect freedom. In this keeping off plan fathers are to blame. Children should not be held off. Let them come near. Let them be as intimate with the father as mother. Let their little hearts be freely opened. It is wicked to freeze up the love fountains of little ones' hearts. Fathers do them an injury by living with them as strangers. This drives many a child away from home for the sympathy his heart craves, and often into improper society. It nurses discontent and mistrust, which many a child does not outgrow in his lifetime. Open your hearts and your arms, oh, fathers! be free with your children; ask for their wants and trials; play with them; be fathers to them truly, and they will not need a mediator between themselves and you.

Be Economical.—Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw, the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop, the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you begin to save begin with your mouth, many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste, in all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs farther than the blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

Slag answers admirably for road-making and for preparing concrete.

Tom.

There is a picture for sale in a neighboring city with which there is connected a curious story. On the back is scrawled, "T. A., Obiit 1865." The artist died by his own hand, for a cause of suicide more common than love, or religious mania, or despair; and as poor Tom was well known, and near akin to many of our readers, the history of his picture and himself seems to us worth telling. As for the picture, it is in execution nothing but a crude, strong dash or two of color; only a bit of sandy beach, a dead woman washed ashore, a man keeping watch over her, and a bird, the solitary living thing in the world, disappearing in the stormy sky, leaving him alone with his dead. But there is the subtle something in it which touches us, as do all great utterances of truth or human feeling; it is one of the inspired words, painted, or spoken, or written, that are strong as love, or grief, or death, and share their nature.

There was something about the painter, too, from the time he was a boy, that set him apart from other men as one who had a message given him to utter. After all, God does give nowadays to certain men special errands to their fellows: and whether it be to make them cry or laugh, to call them to be heroes or saints, to show the stupendous joke of misery or comfort under life, or to explain fishes, or, like Bezaleel, to be "filled with the spirit of God in working with iron and brass," they carry about them the signs of their commission as plain as the shining on Moses's face when he came down from the mountains with the tables of stone. Even as a boy, Tom knew that he had an errand. It might be but a petty thing, a picture to paint, or a crayon sketch or two to finish. But it was his work, which no man could do but himself. He caught hints of it everywhere in the glass of water flickering in his hand, or the stone under his feet as much as the song nobly sung or the life of some other man greatly loved. It was clear enough to him; but flickering light or songs and loves of others would not make it clear to the world. There were times when the desire for its utterance was so strong upon him that if he could have accomplished his work he would have been ready, shy, hearty, young fellow as he was, to cry, "Lord, now let Thy servant depart in peace." He did not fall into the usual mistake of genius as to the ease of delivering his message. He had a slip-shod dependance on winged Pegasus to carry him, or draughts from Helicon to give him divine strength. Slow and incessant work, and unflinching integrity to his errand, he knew only would carry him safely to his journey's end, and he set out on his career most gallantly.

But Tom was poor, and—Tom married; married a woman who thoroughly recognized him and his errand. They lived in a shabby little house in the suburbs of New York, where their first baby was born; a house where the roof leaked, and where the floors were carpetless. But going there, you found their talk furnished with such high and noble thoughts, their daily lives so rich in love, so gay in jests and fancies, so sweet and admirable in temper, that the background of want seemed only meant to throw into relief these sunshiny figures. Books, too, music, nature, and art meant so much more to them then to other men and women; they drew such strength and wealth out of even the blades of grass at their gate or the sunlight on their bare floor, that one could not but envy the rich heritage that they would bequeath to their boy. It was about this time this picture was painted. Men found in it something of a message from the gods struggling to be heard; they looked curiously at Tom and said, "Presently we shall have a great man among us." But they did not buy the picture. They did not buy any of Tom's pictures.

As years went by this fact forced itself closer and closer upon the painter. The more he fixed his eyes upon the stars the more his empty pocket took life and gnawed like a fox at his vitals. He and his wife could have always found food and royal clothing for themselves in their consciousness of their great work for mankind, but for their boys they wanted broadcloth, beef, and potatoes to equal those of their neighbor's children across the way. One day a picture auctioneer offered Tom a place as "hack." "Give up this Flemish accuracy and this peculiar fancy which struggles through all your work. You can dash me off two or three bold studies a day; something to catch the public eye. Coarse as you please. You need never put your name to them." The wages offered were a competency. It was an everyday transaction; the man had simply to make a choice between poverty with his own work and wealth without it. To Tom however, it seemed a choice between God and Mammon. It threatened to rench soul and body asunder. But the children had their hands upon him. Should they not have their share of the world's comfort, gentility, style? Tom went into the road where all hacks tramp together their treadmill round which leads nowhere in life or death. He had meant to be deaf and blind if any Voice summoned him out of it. But he never heard again the heavenly Call. His body is alive yet, goes about, with those of his wife and children, well-fed and well-to-do. Their floors are carpeted with cheap Brussels, and in their clothes they follow the fashions scrupulously and promptly. But Tom, finding this old picture exposed for sale the other day, scrawled on its back, "T. A. Obiit 1865."

There are so many Toms in studios, in newspaper offices, in the pulpit, that we have thought it worth while to tell his story. We do not know whether he ever questions what the loss in his choice has been to himself, his children or the world; but it may not be too late for some of them to pause in theirs, and ask themselves, "Was this well done?"

The Women of Utah.—The petition against polygamy, signed by women of Utah, has created a great sensation there, and the papers are full of it. The ladies who drew up and circulated the petition say in a card they have published: Think what regard for womanly purity and delicacy must prevail in a family where a mother and all her daughters hold the relation of wives to the same man. Think how much Mormonism has done to elevate womanhood, when it has sanctioned the marriage of men to their own nieces and even their own half-sisters. Think how womanly delicacy is fostered in households, (and there are many such in this Territory) where the home consists of a cabin with but a single room which is occupied by a man and his three or four wives with their grown daughters. Is it any wonder that true women everywhere, virtuous matrons and pure-minded girls, should enter their indignant protest against a system which has produced such results?

A Curiosity.—A curiosity from the marine world is now to be seen in the shop of Herr Thenius, chemist, in Dresden. It is the skeleton of a giant sea-spider in an exceedingly good state of preservation. The body, which is a quarter of a yard long, rests upon eight legs, which, when stretched out, cover, with the body, the space of a yard. Crab-like claws, or long arms with joints, rise above the head, and give the whole a ghastly appearance.

Iron Workers.—There are one hundred and forty thousand men working in iron in the United States, and eight hundred thousand persons who get their living out of it.

Facts and Fancies.

Minnesota whisky sellers have been fined $50 for selling liquor to habitual drunkards.

A new bug has arrived in the Western States. He bores into grape vines and kills them.

An Indiana patriarch has lived to form the acquaintance of his great-great-great grandchild.

The British iron product is about 5,500,000 tons a year, and the American about 2,000,000 tons.

Virginia has voted a constitutional amendment striking out the usury clause.

Locusts are in Tennessee in immense numbers, and the woods are alive with them.

A Janesville, Wis., girl frightened her serenaders away by falling out of the window.

Dr. Bartol says the real thief of the world is he who consumes more than he produces.

The convicts at the Michigan State Prison are building a new wall around themselves.

An insane asylum at Troy has a small theatre attached where amateurs give performances.

Some of the largest steamships burn eight hundred tons of coal crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

Texas papers report that ten Indians, who recently raided into Wise county, were all killed by the sheriff and his assistants.

An examination of candidates for admission to the Military Academy at West Point, resulted in the rejection of twenty-our out of ninety one applicants.

Some jocose fellows in Newbern, Ind., robbed a friend in the night for a joke, and paid a heavy fine the next day in earnest. The friend had no sense of humor.

"One who knows" makes it a point o select a cow with a yellow skin. One whose skin is pale or colorless is not, he says, half so likely to produce good butter.

A young man in Augusta, Wis., recently killed a companion while intoxicated, and the father of the murdered youth has sued the saloon keeper for $10,000.

The St. Petersburg *Globe* says that the personal expenses of the Grand Duke Alexis, during his travels in the United States, amounted to upward of $200,000.

Russian agriculture, is of a very primitive character, They use the same old wooden plow that had served their ancestors before civilization came to them.

Judge Hoar once said of a lawyer: "He has reached the superlative life; at first he sought to get on, and then he sought to get honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

Startling developments have come to light in St. Paul, Minn., exposing an attempt by a Mrs. Robinson to bribe members of the grand jury not to bring in any indictment against her.

No person can enter the Russian dominions without an accurate description being taken of his person. His age, employment and the object of his visiting the country are all recorded.

Those best acquainted with the topography of the Colorado desert are confident that a larger subterranean stream runs under it, and that the entire desert may be reclaimed by artesian wells.

The California *Republican* is incorruptible. A man sent the editor a basket of strawberries and a leader. He ate the berries and sent back the leader, which shows that his morals are all right.

It is so pleasant to know that Agassiz has found a few species of gasteropods, fourteen kinds of shinederus, including an ouryeal, fifty specimens of ophiuraus, and, to crown the whole, a large heliaster.

At a boarding house in Chicago, common fish oil is used in the lamps. The proprietor, who evidently has a sharp eye to business, says that "it is good as the boarders go to bed quick 'cause he smell so bad."

A band, which serenaded a young married couple, in one of our suburban towns the other evening, selected a peculiarly happy and flattering piece known as "The Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister."

An attorney in that delightful country, New Mexico, gave weight to his argument before a jury by threatening to put a bullet into the brain of any man who should dare to intimate that his client was guilty.

The figures in the absolutely latest style of Dolly Varden are so delightfully large that it takes two young ladies to show one of them properly. They have to go arm in arm and keep step or else the effect is spoiled.

The first Jewish ceremony ever witnessed in Portland was performed lately. A priest of the faith came on from New York, and went to the slaughter house, attired in his official robes, to kill an ox, for the food of the faithful.

Walter, a five-year old, was surprised at breakfast by the presence of a diminutive egg, served for his special delectation. He thus accounted for the egg's smallness: "Mamma, I think the chicken was learning to lay."

It is estimated that there are 400 saloons and groceries in San Francisco, which dispense annually 20,000 barrels of lager, 500,000 gallons of wine, and 2,000,000 gallons of the more stimulating fluids, the total value of which is $10,000,000.

A young lady in New Hampshire has just secured a position as school teacher upon the following certificate: "This is to certify that Tamer Noyes stands on a medium with other girls of her age and sex, and, for what I know, is as good as folks in general."

Billy Brennan, while playing cards in San Antonio, Texas, said, as the game turned against him, "May Christ paralyze me!"—a favorite expression of his. No sooner had the words escaped him than he fell down in a fit, from which at last accounts he had not recovered.

Little Johnny Moore, away out in Monroe, Mich., went to a picnic, and like a foolish little boy that he was, tried to smoke a cigar. It made him sick, of course, and he threw himself on the wet grass and lay there a long time. The result was he had congestive chills and died.

A physician was called to see a dying infant, in Mobile, and found that the parents had previously engaged the services of a Voudou woman, named Ellen Drake, who scarified the child's back, and made it swallow the blood that flowed, mixed with a quantity of the mother's milk.

A Boston bride, whose groom remonstrated with her at the wedding for indulging in a rather indiscriminate bestowal of her maiden kisses on a number of her male friends, remarked with natural naivete that the gentlemen in question had been in the habit of kissing her all her life, and she didn't see why they should stop now.

The last of the Marshals of France who have undergone a capital sentence was the best known and most celebrated of them all, Marshal Ney, shot on the 7th of December, 1815, for fidelity to his old and treachery to his new master. Marshal Bazaine is the first Marshal of France arraigned on a charge of bad conduct in face of the enemy.

The great pyramid weighs 12,760,000,000 tons, if anybody wants to know. According to Herodotus, it took the labor of 100,000 men twenty years to build it. To show the mechanical value of modern improvements, Dr. Lardner affirms that 480 tons of coal, with an engine and hoisting machine, would have raised every stone to its position.

Here is a good thing on the "tater bugs." Three men comparing notes: One says: "There are two bugs to every stalk." A second says: "They have cut down my early crop, and are sitting on the fence waiting for the late crop to come up." "Pshaw!" says the third, "you don't know anything about it. I passed a seed store recently, and the bugs were in there overlooking the books to see who had purchased seed potatoes."

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ.......................Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., June 28., '72

TERMS.—The REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2.50 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

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Any person sending us the names of six new subscriber, with the cash, will receive the REPORTER one year free.

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Auditor General—WM. B. HARTLEY.

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John H. Campbell,	S. H. Reynolds,
James Ellis,	S. C. T. Dodd,
George M. Dallas,	R. A. Lamberton,
A. A. Purman,	Wm. L. Corbett.

Uncle Jake Ziegler, speaking of an escort for the editors arriving at Erie, says he wants no better than B. F. Whiteman, because "he knows" that town better than any one else. How's that Uncle Jake, ain't you going with pure motives?

Colfax had no patronage as vice-president, hence he was not nominated for re-election. Grant was nominated through the influence of his 80,000 office holders, who did it to retain their places—hence Grant is simply the choice of the bread-and-butter brigade. Colfax was just as deserving a re-nomination as Grant, and besides is a stateman and sustains a better character—but he had no patronage to dispense, hence he went over board.

A prohibition party met at Altoona last week and nominated the following ticket:

For Governor—Hon. Simeon B. Chase, Susquehanna.

For Judge of the Supreme Court—Hon. Joseph Henderson, of Washington.

For Auditor General—Mr. Barr Spangler, of Lancaster.

For Congressmen at large—Colonel George G. McFarland, A. J. Clark and B. Rush Bradford.

The Tariff in Politics.

The tariff plank of the Philadelphia platform is intrinsically sound. It affirms the the doctrine of protection so full and clearly as to satisfy the tribune, which has always believed and aught that doctrine, taught it to some of those who now proclaim it.

But while the doctrine is sound its proclamation is a fraud, because many of these who have constructed and profess to stand upon the Philadelphia platform do not believe a word of it. Gerrit Smith is a conspicuous example. He scouts protection as swindle, and teaches the most ultra free trade. Messrs. Finkelnburg of Missouri, and Burchard of Illinois are Grant representatives in Congress and members of its committee of ways and means. As such, they have been working hard to tear it down what this platform upholds and commends. Their nominal adhesion to this tariff plank of the Philadelphia platform is a snare and a swindle. So of Henry S. Lane, Godlove S. Orth, Jeremiah M. Wilson, and other Grant men in Indiana. They have voted and acted in congress in marked antagonism to the drift of the Philadelphia proposition. Mr. Wilson went into congress on a profession of faith as sweepingly free trade as was ever put forth by Calhoun or McDuffie. So of Farnsworth of Illinois, and many more. They are for General Grant, but they are hostile to Protection, and will so act and vote hereafter, as heretofore in defiance of the Philadelphia platform. So of the editors of the Cincinnati Gazette, Ohio State Journal, Buffalo Commercial, N. Y. Times, Harper's Weekly, and hundreds more of them. They are free traders; they have jeered and scouted the Tribune for advocating protection. But here is Pennsylvania to be humbugged once more, as well as the iron melters, wool growers, and cloth makers of all the states. So a plank is inserted in the platform to gull them till after the election; then these Grant statesman and Grant newspapers can get down again from the platform they have thus far been denouncing, and begin to denounce it again.

Whenever all of one party shall be protectionist, and all of the other free traders, this question may be squarely met, in national contests. At present there are protectionists in either party as there are also free traders. Hence there is just one honest way of dealing with it by setting forth the naked truth. Say to the people: "On this question we differ, and we reserve to each of us full liberty of action upon it in the choice of members of congress." This is what the Cincinnati platform does what it should have done. Its basis is truth, its method, freedom, its result, action upon the tariff question by each member of congress in accord with the will of his constituents, not the dictum of any party caucus or nominating convention. Since Philadelphia clumsily borrowed so much from the Cincinnati platform, why did it refrain from borrowing this?—*Boston Post.*

Since our last issue, the following states held conventions, and declared in favor of Greeley: Connecticut, California, Minnesota, Alabama.

Meek at last finds consolation, and a get-out for his unenviable record. Our tenacious friend has hunted up a musty copy of the Reporter, and finds that we once praised him. Well that's what he is so proverbially fond of—and the "ablest" asks, in great alarm whether we intend taking it all back. Oh, no, since you stand so much in need of it, we let it stand and are sorry we can not make it stronger. Your record, Gray, won't allow it—so be satisfied boy, and frame for your favor what you have got. Say it came from us, and it will carry you again, as it did before, a good ways.

Then Gray admits that Bush says, the Osceola matter cost them no money, and also that we did not take a thousand which they put in bank for us, as he says. Well, Gray, we did not ask you to go back upon yourself in that way, it wasn't necessary, for chance did not happen to you—it never would have got sold in bank, no more than did the Big Sandy thousand or the building commission $1400—didn't you go for them, even though the gallant democrats of Philadelphia had to suffer: Any body that slanders you by saying you didn't lift the stamps, prove him a liar by the Reporter.

the story never hurt us worth a cent. You evidently felt sorry that such a

[From the Philadelphia Press of Saturday.]

Our Reasons.

Some good, well-meaning friend, who holds Personal Rule in Pennsylvania in deep detestation, but who apparently thinks it is his duty to support and vote the "regular ticket" under all circumstances, writes to us inquiring if the opposition of *The Press* to the State ticket is based alone upon its personal resentments, and very properly adds that if this be the case we are deserving of no sympathy from the people. Our answer is, no, it is not. Senator Cameron is only a minor feature in this fight. He introduced himself into it by slandering the editor of *The Press*, in season and out; by misrepresenting his course and misinterpreting his motives. If he goes out of it with a shadow of his present political power, it will be because the world comes to a sudden ending before next October, or that the millennium dawns before that day.

The opposition of this journal to Gen. Hartranft's candidacy is based upon the following reasons;

First. His personal unfitness for the office.

Second. The manner of his nomination.

Third. The fact that there are ten millions of dollars in the sinking fund created for the redemption of the State debt, but generally used for individual speculative purposes, and that the Governor appoints a Secretary of the Commonwealth, who with the Auditor general and State Treasurer, has the management of this money.

Fourth. Because human affairs and fates are uncertain, and there may be another Chicago fire.

Fifth. Because there were better men named for the position, who were ruthlessly overslaughed.

Sixth. Because the men who set up General Hartranft knew full well the necessity of nominating this year a candidate with the confidence of the entire people, and that their favorite was not such a man, and yet nominated him because they thought that by associating his name with Grant's—their personal ends with the cause of Republicanism—they might elect him and perpetuate their rule.

Seventh. Because there is not the slightest chance of electing General Hartranft by fair means, and we are resolved that it shall not be done by foul ones.

Eighth. Because to associate Grant and Wilson with Hartranft and Allen is to bring certain defeat upon the former, and therefore we believe the latter should be retired.

There are many other reasons equally effective in this cause. Among them are the class of men in this city upon whom Hartranft relies to elect him, the exposual of his cause by Simon Cameron, the scandal concerning his administration of the Auditor General's office, the general corruption that pervades Pennsylvania politics, and the necessity for applying immediate remedy.

We may enlarge upon these reasons, and shall certainly proceed to show how Hartranft can never be elected, and how Grant and Wilson will carry the State in November in any event. We shall continue to treat General Hartranft with the utmost kindness, believing that he, as much as any man in the State, regrets his present position, and that but for bad advice from bad men he would withdraw.

For the Reporter

From Illinois.

LENA, June 14, 1872

FRIEND FRED.—It is not often that I promise and do not fulfill, but if you have ever traveled through the Western Country, you know how extremely difficult it is to find time to write.

Your friends, if you have any, monopolize all your time in "Showing you around," and if you have none, it takes up all your time in trying to find some one. Jake and I left Lewistown on the 22d ult., at 6:28 and arrived in Chicago at 8 next morning. From thence we went to Elwood, Will Co., where J. K. Geiss met us and took us to his home in the prairie, a distance of six miles from Elwood.

While in that vicinity, I felt as though I were at home, for, truly it might be called the "Loop of the West"—not on account of the country, but because nearly every third person you meet is from the Loop, Pa. They live in a delightful country, and their land is rich, yielding bountifully, not alternately but successively, year after year, but whether this state of affairs will continue or not I am not prepared to say, but think their land will require rest and replenishing in the course of a few years as well as other portions of the country.

They have beautiful dwellings and take great pains in ornamenting their yards with the most lovely trees and shrubery I ever saw.

Our Pennsvalley friends who live there are all getting along well and appear to feel at home. They are annoyed very much by the Chintz potato bugs, however, go where you will you will find some one in the potato "patch" hunting bugs. They gather them by thousands and kill them. They are obliged to do this every day or do without the Irishman's staff of life. These bugs are as large as an ordinary cherry, and nearly the shape of a land turtle, or, rather, the shell of one. I know nothing of the Chintz-bug and its habits, but what the citizens told me, but I do know that they destroyed entire fields of grain last year, and as a consequence, the farmers sowed no wheat this pring.

Around nearly every house there is a cluster of trees, (French Poplar) which hide the buildings from view until you get near; and, in looking over the prairie from a high point it is one beautiful plain almost as far as the eye can reach, interspersed with little artificial groves in which the houses stand, thousands of acres of oats and corn are before you, and the oats, two weeks ago, was so rank that the ground was invisible and measured, in general, from six to ten inches in length, far ahead of Penn'a, or the country round about Lena.

I have only two objections to living here but these may be remedied in course of time.

First: They have no barns and when I say this, I mean just what I say. They have buildings with stables and granaries. These they call barns. They tell me they do not want any barns. They would rather thresh from the stack than put the grain in barns.

The second objection is this: The fields are too large. "Jake" and I started one evening to go to John Brisbin's. They told us it was but a short distance—only across two fields. The fields contained 160 acres each. "Jake" said the longer he walked the farther off the house appeared to be.

But these are not serious objections. These farms will be divided in course of time and the country will be more thickly settled. The unbroken prairie is a fine sight. There it is that the eye beholds a portion of this world in its natural state, untouched by the hand that leveled forest and cultivated plain, and there we find a variety of wild flowers of the most exquisite fragrance and beauty. But I must hasten on.

I cannot write half the things I would love to tell you for you have not space for it.

I want to tell you of Joliet and some of her citizens, but must defer it until my next which will be next week. The wheat crop looks well in Ohio, and in Northern Illinois looks as well as I ever saw grain. Lena and the surounding country is of a better description than I can give. I will do the best I can in my next; and shall also Tell you of the people here, state of the church, the condition of society, something concerning the Mississippi, &c.

Yours, 'TUSSEY.'

REPORT

of the President of the Lewisburg Centre & Spruce Creek R. R. Co. to the Stockholders.

Your Directors take pleasure in submitting to you the following report:

That the act incorporating the Company was approved as early as the 12th of April, 1853, and the Governor, under the seal of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, did, on the 6th day of August, 1853, issue letters patent, and the company being duly organized, caused surveys to be made, but the work of construction was not progressed in for reasons not necessary here to state, until the year 1867, when, by aid of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, lessee of the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad the work of constructing a railroad from the junction with the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad to Lewisburg—the Lewisburg Bridge Company agreeing to construct a bridge across the West Branch of the Susquehanna river at Lewisburg calculated for railroad purposes. This work was completed so as to enable the locomotive and cars to commence running thereon about the 23rd of July, 1869. That by great efforts, subscription to the capital stock of our company was subsequently obtained in the counties of Union and Centre, and in other counties through which the railroad is to be constructed.

In the month of September, 1870, the graduation, masonary and bridging from Lewisburg to western boundary of Mifflinburg, a distance of nine and two-tenths miles, was allotted to Harris & Black, contractors, who after doing a small amount of work abandoned it, and their contract with company was declared forfeited, and afterwards on the 15th day of October, 1870, the work given to Messrs. L. J. & H. H. Vandyke, who, with great energy, completed their contract by the following summer. By another contract made with the Messrs. Vandyke, the said road from Lewburg to Mifflinburg was ballasted, ties and rails laid, and the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., lessee of Phila. & Erie Railroad, upon whom, by an agreement, the operation of the road devolved, began running their cars thereon, on the first day of November, 1871.

The graduation, masonary and bridging from Lewisburg to Mifflinburg cost $39,922.38. The whole cost of the road from the junction with the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad to Mifflinburg, a distance of ten and seven-tenths miles, including the above sum of $39,922.38, and costs of building depot, is estimated at $257,728.02. This sum, however, does not include costs of right of way not yet settled.

The earnings of the road thus far have been satisfactory, much more so than was anticipated. For the year ending Dec. 31, 1871, they amounted to 15,275.56. The expenses for same period of conducting passengers, transportation of freight, motive, power, maintaning of cars, and maintaining of way amounted to $12,709.66, leaving a net balance of $2,566,10 in favor of the company, which has been paid over to the Treasurer.

In August, 1871, twenty-one sections in Centre county, extending from the forks on Penns creek to near Oak Hall, making a little over twenty-one miles, were put under contract, and the grading, masonary, and bridging so far advanced that it is expected to be completed in July, 1872. The work on those sections from estimates No. 1 to No. 7, both inclusive, amounts to $56,485.95, out of which $8,335.95 per cent. was retained as security for completion of the work, and for the balance of said estimates, to wit: $48,100.00, checks issued to the contractors.

Proposals have been received, and your Board of Directors are about to let from Mifflinburg, in Union county, to near the Forks, in Centre county, being sections No. 11 to 35, both inclusive, a distance of about 25 miles, and from the western terminus, connecting with the Pennsylvania Railroad at Tyrone, to a point near the Penna. Furnace making the distance now for letting about 45 miles. The ballance of the work is expected to be let soon, and the whole line forced to a speedy completion.

The length of the main line, from the junction with the Phila. & Erie Railroad to its western terminus connecting with the Pennsylvania Railroad at Tyrone, is about eighty-six miles. The branch from main line to Bellefonte, in the neighborhood of eleven miles, and from the junction with the Phila & Erie Railroad to Danville about fifteen miles.

Over $800,000 have been subscribed to the capital stock of the company, and is being collected.

A further supplement to the act incorporating the Lewisburg, Centre & Spruce Creek Railroad Company was passed by the Legislature at their last session and approved by the Governor on the 27th day of March, 1872, by which the Company was authorized to create, issue, and dispose of, from time to time, on such terms and conditions as the Board of Directors might deem proper, bonds for an amount not exceeding three and half millions of dollars, for the purpose of completing and equipping said railroad, payable at such period or periods of time as they might appoint, with coupons attached, as otherwise bearing interests at a rate not exceeding seven per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, with or without provisions for the payment by the Company of all taxes on the principal or interest thereof, and to secure the bonds by one or more mortgages on the whole or any portion of said railroad estate real and personal, rights and franchises, acquired and that might be hereafter acquired, by the company, with the proviso that the road be constructed of ordinary guage, which act, with its provisions, was accepted by the Board of Directors, who agreed to build the road of the ordinary gauge. That at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on 22d day of April, 1872, at the Pennsylvania Railroad Co's office, Phila., it was ordered and directed, that, in pursuance of the provisions of said supplement approved March 27, 1872, to the act incorporating the L. C. & C. Railroad Co., there be made and issued, under the corporate seal of the Company, and duly attested by the President and Secretary, bonds the amount of two millions of dollars of the denomination of one thousand dollars each, numbering from No. 1 to No. 2,000, both inclusive, and to be dated respectively on the first day of May, 1902, and to bear interest at the rate of seven per centum per anum, free of State and United States taxes, (upon both principal and interest) payable on the first day of the months of November and May in each year, until the principal sum is paid, for which interest coupons are to be attached. And it was also resolved that, to secure the payment of said bonds, to be made and issued, the said L. C. & S. C. Railroad Co., by their President and Secretary, under the corporate seal, shall make, execute and deliver to a mortgagee in trust a mortgage in that part of the said railroad now built and to be constructed from the junction with the Phila. & Erie Railroad, in the county of Northumberland, thence, in and through the counties of Union, Mifflin, Centre, Huntingdon and Blair, to connect with the Pennsylvania Railroad near Tyrone, in said county of Blair. That your Board of Directors have negotiated with Hon. J. Edgar Thompson President of the Penn'a Railroad Company, for a purchase by him in behalf of his Company of a million and a half of the bonds issued as aforesaid by the L. C. & S. C. R. R., Co., on terms deemed favorable, which will enable your Board to have the work prosecuted with alacrity. That Geo. Taber, has been selected as the grantee in the mortgage.

This road, when completed, will develope a sanction of country not easily surpassed, giving an outlet for agricultural products, lumber and iron ore, the latter of which is found to be abundant, and of an excellent quality, and also affords a good market for anthracite and bituminous coal.

From every indication, when completed this will be one of the best paying railroads in the interior of the State, proving a profitable investment to the stockholders, and in all probability the day is not far distant when it will be a grand link in the great railroad from the Pacific to the Atlantic oceans.

In conclusion, it may not be improper to urge the propriety of a speedy location and construction of the branch railroad to Danville, and there connect with coal roads so as to carry the anthracite coal directly from the mines over our road, thus affording not only an accommodation to the public but a profit to the stockholders.

By order of the Board.

G. F. MILLER, President.

Another Witness.

Mr. Dana, of the New York Sun, was Stanton's assistant secretary and of course was in the closest relations with him; and he says: "After Grant had entered upon his office as President, and had developed the character and policy of his administration, Mr. Stanton, in conversation with his intimate friends never made any secret of the low opinion he held respecting the President and his system. The essential thing in his remarks to Mr. Sumner—we mean that General Grant could not govern this country—he expressed to other persons, and sometimes in the same words. We, for one, have heard this same sentiment from his lips at a considerable earlier period than that of his conversation with the senator from Massachusetts; and no doubt there are others who can give the same testimony. That Mr. Stanton's dying judgement was just what he said to Sumner, there can be no dispute." This more than sustains Mr. Sumner, and there can be no question hereafter as to what "the great secretary" thought of Grant. And we may now expect to see Grant's toadies go zealously to work to destroy the reputation and depreciate the merits and services of Stanton. Well, let them proceed. He was never so great nor so good a man, in our opinion, was he as Mr. Sumner's

About twenty persons, including several little children, were bitten by a mad dog in the street of Louisville, Ky; on Saturday night.

GOOD WORK.—The Reynoldsville Advocate of last week says that Master Harrie Doyle, 13 years of age, brother of the editor of that paper, who has been working at the printing business about two weeks, on last Friday set up 4,250 ems of solid brevier, working nine hours. This is doing pretty well for so young a "devil" as Master Harrie.—*Clearfield Republican*

The steamer Great Republic, just arrived at San Francisco from China and Japan, brings news of a terrible earthquake at Hamina, a seaport in the Japanese island of Sikokf, by which 500 lives were lost.

A STRANGE STORY.

An extraordinary story is published in the Birmingham Morning News. A commercial traveller for a firm of brass castors and bell-founders had been for some time in Russia on the business of the firm. He returned to London, and his employers had been expecting for some days to see him in Birmingham, when a letter came to them bearing the London post mark, and purporting to be written by the missing traveller. The letter stated that the writer was a member of a Russian secret society; that for some offence he was detained in London and had been condemned to death, and in a week the sentence would be carried into effect. His luggage, the letter stated, would be found at his hotel. Nothing further was heard of the matter for a week, when the firm received another letter, also dated "London," but written in broken English, informing them that their traveller was dead and buried according to the laws and regulations of the society. The firm placed the matter in the hands of the police, but nothing has been heard either of the traveller or the luggage, although they have visited the hotel and searched every spot which could furnish a clue to his fate.

CURED OF ROMANCE.

The *Rondout Freeman* says that a very respectable young lady of Saugerties, New York, recently discovered in some paper an advertisement purporting to have come from a respectable christian young man, desiring some young lady to correspond with him, probably with a view direct toward matrimony. Now, though she was a plain country lass, she was by no means one who should "waste her sweetness on the desert air," so she concluded to answer. In due time a reply came, and as time passed on the letters became more and more affectionate. At last affairs came to a crisis, and the young gallant was invited to come and see her. He came. But alas! he came dead—drunk. But the joke of it was, he had to go two or three miles out of the village, and every house he came to he went in and enquired if Miss —— lived there. Being very tight he would generally state the object of his visit to her, and would read her last letter and then pass on to the next house. He made out to arrive at her house at ten o'clock at night. The old folks were absent, but two sisters were there. The meeting can better be imagined than described; suffice it to say, she is cured of "Romance."

THE TWO WALLETS.

A very wonderful dog was old Hector, and if his merits could not be credited to any one particular breed, he seemed, nevertheless, to have gathered in his huge and shaggy carcass all the virtues of the many canine races whose blood was mingled in his veins. And with these had come a degree of intelligence less quadruped than human.

Well might Tom Ord vow that his dog was the smartest man in the settlement, and add that Hector could read as well as he could himself, for, with all his sterling honesty and other good qualities, poor Tom could not read at all.

Hector was a dog of strong prejudices, however, and, from the first, he had refused any especial intimacy with Stephen Langway—the man from no one knew where, whom Tom had hired to help get in the usually abundant harvest of his little farm.

Hector had been with his master on a trip to the village, that memorable Autumn morning, and he it was who had first discovered the thick, greasy-looking wallet that lay in the dusty road; and he had watched and growled, as Tom picked it up.

Why Tom did not give his prize an immediate examination, he could hardly have explained to himself; but his color went and came more than once, as he rode slowly on toward home, feeling all the while, whether he would or not, the pressure of the heavy wallet in the inside breast-pocket of his best coat. He always put that coat on when he went to the village, and he looked pretty well in it.

"Very well, indeed!" had been the verdict of pretty Kate Griffith, when Tom parted from her at the gate of her mother's little cottage in the edge of the hamlet.

Kate had asked, somewhat timidly, but frankly:

"Tom, did your crop sell well?"

"Splendidly, Katie. Got the biggest price in the market."

"And will there be enough?"

"Plenty, and more too. We'll have enough to go ahead, nicely."

"When do you mean to pay the judge?"

"*Mean* to pay! The note falls due day after to-morrow, and I've *got* to pay, or good-bye, farm and everything else. A trust-deed is an awful thing, and I'll never give one again."

"No, Tom, don't. I'm so glad you've got rid of this one!"

"So am I, Katie—*awful* glad! And now—now it's to be paid?"

"Yes, Tom, we won't wait any longer."

There had been more said besides that, but a proper regard for Tom's feelings forbids the rehearsal of it all; and the honest fellow had gone on homeward, happier than he had ever been before in his life, until Hector had pounced upon that greasy wallet by the roadside. The dog couldn't have meant any harm, for he and Katie Griffith were on terms of the most intimate frendship.

It was queer that a man like Tom Ord should come home so sober-faced from such a day as that, even if there was no one at the house to welcome him but weasel-eyed Stephen Langway; and Stephen noted it.

At first he imagined that Tom had not made a good sale; but a few questions and answers removed that idea, and then Stephen settled it in his own mind that there must have been trouble at the cottage of the widow Griffiths; but about that he did not care to ask any questions.

Their simple supper, not such as Katie Griffith would have prepared for Tom, was soon ended, Hector was fed; the two sat and smoked for an hour or so in the little porch, and talked about the next day's work, and then it was bedtime.

The small farmhouse was but half-finished yet, and the low upper story where Stephen slept was little more than a rude loft, with a loose floor of boards.

Stephen climbed up the ladder, and threw himself down; but, somehow, he could not sleep, or perhaps he did not care to do so; and it was not a great while before the rays of light which came streaming up through the chinks in the floor announced to his wakeful eyes that Tom Ord had lighted a candle.

That was an uncommon thing for Tom to do, and Stephen slily stretched himself from under his blanket, and glided softly toward the nearest available crack between the boards. He could not only see, but hear all that went on down below.

There sat Tom on one chair, with another before him, and there sat Hector by his side. On the otherwise empty chair lay two large leathern wallets, so nearly alike externally, that Stephen would have spoken about it to himself, if he had dared to make an audible sound.

Tom Ord took up one of the wallets, and opened it, taking out a respectable package of banknotes, to which he added another very good reinforcement from a roll that he had in his hand. Greenbacks, all of them; and, if not of very large denominations, they were a very interesting pile to Tom, and he counted them carefully. He knew figures well enough, from practice, and Katie Griffith had promised to improve his book-learning, when once she could have all his evenings to himself.

"There's enough for old Judge Barber, and nigh into three hundred dollars over for Katie and me. That's bully—ain't it, Hector?"

Hector growled good-naturedly, as was his wont on such appeals, and Tom carefully put the bills altogether in the wallet, and tied it up.

Then, even more slowly and deliberately, the other wallet was forced to open its mouth. It was the one Hector had found in the road.

Tom's face grew pale and red by turns, as he spread the contents out on the chair, for they, also, were greenbacks. Crisp, fresh, tempting, as if just from the Treasury, and of such excitingly large denominations—tens, twenties, fifties, and hundreds!—it was a perfect windfall to a poor farmer like Tom!

"I could pay Judge Barber half a dozen times over out of this," he said, aloud. Hector growled doubtfully, for he did not know what to make of his master's face. "You're right, Hector, my boy. They ain't mine, nor yours either, if we did find 'em in the road. I'll tell you what we'll do, Hector, my boy! We'll take the whole lot over to-morrow afternoon, and ask Katie what she thinks about it."

Hector showed his splendid teeth in a long yawn, and Stephen's eyes were ready to start through the crack in the floor at the sight of so much money, as Tom Ord carefully replaced the crisp, new bills where he had found them.

When the two wallets lay once more side by side on the chair, Stephen could not have told them apart, and he crept back to his pallet to think over and over a train of thought and purpose which had been troubling his brain for days and weeks.

Perhaps Tom Ord did not sleep any better than his hired-man that night, and when morning came, he wore a disturbed and anxious look, such as any man may wear when he has too much responsibility on his hands, or too much money in his house.

There was work to be done at several points on the farm that day; and, after breakfast, and after sending away Stephen to his appointed task, Tom stepped to the door and shouted for Hector.

He saw him at the root of an old tree, at some little distance industriously at work with his paws, constructing a safe hiding-place for precious bones, against some possible future day of famine. Hector reluctantly gave up his job and trotted obediently into the house.

No safe or strong-box had Tom Ord, but perhaps he had better, for he took out from under the bed the wallet containing his own money, showed it to Hector, made him smell of it, put it back, and then pointed to the floor in front of it, and bade the old dog "Watch!"

Hector's eyes gleamed intelligently as he threw himself down, and Tom went off to his work, doubly secure of the treasure in the fact that, although he himself alone knew that it was there, it was guarded by so very grim and faithful a warder. He did not intend returning until later than usual, for he retained his purpose of paying a visit to the village that day.

But so it was, that, about an hour after Tom's departure, the lank, ungainly figure of Stephen Langway came slouching along behind the cover of the tall corn in the field nearest the house, until he was close enough to search with his weasel-eyes every part of its surroundings.

He knew that Tom was away the other end of the farm, for he had seen him at work there, and had been more than a little "put out" to find that Hector was not with his master, for Stephen had serious doubts about Hector's probable conduct as a spectator of what he meant to do.

However, his anxiety was partly relieved, as he peered over the fence; for, although he soon discovered Hector's presence, that faithless animal was once more busily at work at his bone-burying, pawing away for dear life, and Stephen hesitated no longer, but jumped the frail barrier before him, and sped stealthily but swiftly to the house.

In he went, and out again; and now he went away even more swiftly, and with more snake-like stealth than he had come, concealing something, as he did so, in the bosom of his rusty blanket-coat.

Stephen had been doing wrong of some kind, no doubt of it; but Hector had paid him no manner of attention, seeming to be utterly absorbed in his old bones and their hiding-place.

Stephen had no notion of being seen in his hurried departure, and he sneaked through the corn quite a distance before he went out into the road, and, when he did so, he left the bars down behind him. Why should he stop to put up bars, when he had so long and rapid a journey before him?

When bars are left down, especially if they open an entrance to a corn-field, stray cattle are sure to find them; and; before it was midday, Tom Ord's attention, as he passed from one field to another, was suddenly arrested by the tossing of many horns, and the crash of breaking stalks, as a scattered herd of bovine wanderers made their destructive way through the still ungathered remnant of his crop.

Long and shrill and clear, through the still Autumn noonday, rang out Tom's summons for his four-footed servant, and Hector's quick ears caught and obeyed it instantly.

Still, it is no small job to get a drove of hungry cattle out of a field of corn, and it was more than an hour before the last hoof of them was turned into the road, and Tom disconsolately put up the bars, wondering how they came to be down, and angry enough at the mischief done. He did not feel like any more work that afternoon, and he and Hector made the best of their way toward the house—Tom's heart misgiving him more than a little at the thought of how long his treasure had been left unguarded.

All looked peaceful enough as they drew near; but Tom did not pause until he stooped by the bedside, and reached under for his precious wallet. He reached and probed; then, he stooped down, and looked under; and then, he sprang up, and jerked the bed from its place, and scattered its coverings in all directions.

"Gone! Both gone! Oh, Hector! what made me call you away?" and Tom Ord sat down on a chair, and buried his face in his hands, while Hector put both fore-paws on his knees, and growled, half savagely, half-mournfully; for the old dog was more than a little puzzled at his master's singular conduct.

Only a moment sat Tom, and then he sprang to his feet, shouting:

"Stephen Langway! the robber!"

He then rushed out of the house toward the stable. A few moments more and he was in the saddle, urging his favorite horse to his best speed toward the village.

Somehow, he felt, rather than reasoned that, whether he meant to pursue Stephen, or to confide his calamity to the kind bosom of Katie Griffith, that was the direction in which he must travel.

Hector bounded along at the side of the horse, keeping up marvellously well for a dog of his age and weight; but, before they had gone a mile, Tom suddenly reined in, as if seized by a sudden change of purpose.

"Hector, old boy!" he shouted, as he pointed in the direction of the house, "go find him! Fetch him! Go—go, find him!"

Hector looked up at Tom for a moment, as if anxious to gather the whole meaning of the command, and then started back at full speed, while Tom rode on toward the village at a somewhat more moderate pace.

The humble cottage of the widow Griffith was in the outskirts of the little "country town," and, as Tom drew near, he saw that more than one person was standing by the rose-bushes at the gate. He knew them both, those two, and one of them was the last person on earth he would have wished to meet just then. There was no mistake about it—they were the keen, pitiless grey eyes of old Judge Barber, the money-lender, that looked out of his leathern face as Tom rode up, and the hard old man almost tried to smile as he said:

"Your friend here tells me that you have sold your crop, Tom?"

"Yes, I've sold it," and Tom's face turned ashy pale as he said it.

"Why, man! what's the matter? Didn't you get the money for it?"

"Yes, I got it; but——"

"But what? Speak out, now, and no nonsense. Your note is due to-morrow, and there won't be any fooling with me, I can tell you."

"It's—it's—*stolen!*" gasped Tom.

Poor Katie Griffiths put her hands before her eyes; but a light of something very much like pleasure shot across the old man's face, as he replied:

"Stolen—stolen, eh? That's unlucky—very unlucky, that is, for you. It won't be pleasant to lose a farm like that—such a nice farm, and so well improved. Who stole it?"

"Stephen Langway," said Tom, but more firmly this time, for angry feeling was coming to his aid. "Stephen Langway," he repeated; "and I'll follow him to the end of the earth, but I'll get it back again!"

"Well," said the old man, "if Steve's got fairly off with it, you can just say good-bye to it. I can't wait on any wild-goose chase for him, you know. Money down, is my motto."

"Oh, Tom," exclaimed Kate, as she once more looked up, "*do* follow him! Get it back, Tom—*do* get it back! Do you know which way he went?"

"No," said Tom; "and he can't have been gone many hours. I sent Hector after him."

"Why, there's Hector himself," exclaimed Kate, "coming up the road as fast he can run! What *is* that he has got in his mouth?"

Tom turned in his saddle, as if he had been shot, and in an instant he was on the ground, just as Hector, good old dog, came lumbering up, dropped something at his master's feet, and then fell to panting as if he had not breathed before for a month.

"Something?"

Yes, and Tom Ord could hardly muster courage to pick it up, for it was a large, fat, greasy-looking old wallet, deeply dented by the sharp teeth of old Hector. There could be no mistake; the wallet was Tom's own; but where had it come from?

"It's mine!" shouted Tom; "and if the money is in it, I can meet your note, Judge Barber, you old skinflint!"

"I'm a skinflint, am I?" hissed the old man, as the look of gratification faded from his face with the vision of Tom's fine farm from his greedy eyes. "I'll make you pay for that!"

"Will you?" said Tom, as he tore open the wallet. "Here, Katie, you keep it for me. I'm afraid to have it in my hands for a minute, for fear I'll lose it. I guess the money's all there. Count it for me, won't you?"

"Hullo, judge!" said a voice from the road beside them, "have you heard what's happened in the village?"

They turned toward the newcomer, to recognize the fat features of the village doctor.

"No, doctor; what's the news?" said the judge.

"Why, they've got Steve Langway up for passing counterfeit money. He tried it on Bill Brockway, at the tavern. Wanted to buy a horse, but Bill was too smart for him. What Bill don't know about money ain't worth knowing."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the judge. "Why, Steve worked for Tom Ord, here. How's that, Tom?"

"So he did," said Tom; "but he ran away."

"Tom!" half whispered Kate, with a vague idea that he had better say very little.

Tom understood, and the doctor went on.

"That ain't the worst of it. When they came to search him, they found a whole wallet full of the same stuff in his breast-pocket."

"What does he say about it?" asked Kate.

"He says he found it," said the doctor.

"Maybe he did," remarked Tom.

Judge Barber was a lawyer, and thought he smelt a fee; and so, while the doctor drove away to visit a patient, the old money-lender hastened toward the village, leaving Tom and Kate to their own devices.

Great was Tom Ord's wonder as to how the old dog managed to recover the lost treasure, and Hector was utterly unable to describe how, after his master had left him, he had obeyed his canine instincts, and buried the greasy wallet with his own hidden deposit of inestimable bones, and how, when he was ordered back, he had obeyed what he understood to be his master's meaning, and not only found, but brought it as fast as he was able. The poor old fellow was lame for a week, over the special haste which he made on his errand; but Steve Langway was "laid by" for several years in the Penitentiary and is yet serving out his time at hard labor on short allowance.

SHOWING OFF ON A DONKEY.

I am not a swearing man, but I do not hesitate to asseverate, good and strong, that there is nothing in the whole range of youthful experiences that awakened and is remembered with so much delight as circuses

Who does not remember the excitement attending the advent of a circus in town? Why, it was equal to an old-fashioned general training.

And then the doubled-distilled luxury of going to the performance in the evening—why, the memory of it will waken the blood that has long been tamed by the curb of years.

I remember the riders, the feats, the clown, and all the tinseled paraphrenalia with the greatest distinctness, and although I have seen hundreds of similar entertainments since then, the circuses of my kittenhood have never yet been eclipsed, that is, where the heart stands a critic.

I also remember the trained donkey. Who dosen't? What fun! Why, I am laughing now, as you doubtless are, reader, at the recollections of the sport he occasioned.

By the way, this is a good place to relate a story of what I saw at one of these circuses, years and years ago

It happened in the town of Andover, Massachusetts. I may as well be particular, since I am relating a genuine occurrence; besides, there are hundreds of readers who will probably remember either to have seen it or heard it related by those who did see it.

"There was a chap living there, and perhaps he is living there still, by the name of "Hi" Berry, a good enough sort of an overgrown fellow, whose bump of self-esteem was so large that he could never wear anything but a "stove-pipe" hat with any degree of comfort.

"Hi" was something of a bully, and nothing pleased him more than to be looked upon as such, although he often had to fight to maintain his title, as there were several aspirants for it.

At the time of which I write he was trying his prettiest to make a lasting impression upon a pretty, bright, auburn-haired girl, by the name of Amanda Abbott. In this he made rather slow progress, and he engaged in two or three rough-and-tumbles with his rivals before, so far as they were concerned, he had a right to court the young lady.

At this interesting juncture a circus came to town. Now, if there is anything in a country town that will place a young damsel under lasting obligations to a young man, and open the way for the popping of the question, it is to take her to a circus.

"Hi" knew what a high treat this would be to Amanda, and the moment the show was announced he invited her to go with him to see it. So much by way of preface.

One of the features of the entertainment was an educated donkey, and among the many things that he did was to keep out from under any body who attempted to ride him; in fact, the proprietor of the circus offered a prize of twenty-five dollars to any person who should ride him once around the ring.

Now, Berry thought much of this offer, and after debating upon the subject for a while, he concluded that if he could succeed in gaining that prize, he could at the same time win the heart of the beautiful Amanda, and the applause of his fellows generally.

Secretly resolving on the attempt, he was early at the show, and obtained a couple of seats on the front row, next to the edge of the ring.

Everybody was there; not only everybody in town, but people came in droves from adjoining towns, and by the time the performance commenced, the tent was crammed with a happy, noisy, antisipating crowd.

One by one the acts went off, and were applauded to the echo. The clown was too comical for anything, and such shouts of laughter as greeted him for everything he did and every word he said that the poor fellow must have thought there was at least one place in the world where he was appreciated.

Well, at length that educated donkey was brought out, and a colloquy took place between the ringmaster and the clown regarding him that created another hurricane of laughter. Finally the ringmaster asked the clown to ride the long-eared animal, and he attempted it.

Such capers, such cautious getting on and such unceremonious getting off, were enough to make a stuffed elephant laugh. The poor clown at length gave up in disgust, and in reply to the chaff of the crowd, he challenged some one of them to try it on.

A chap sprang from one of the front seats, a dummy, placed there for the purpose, and who acted the part at every show, and announced himself as able to ride the capering "rabbit." This also created nearly as much fun as the clown had occasioned, and ended quite as disastrously, whereat the crowd yelled, and the man sloped away, and was soon lost to view.

"Next!" shouted the clown, and everybody laughed.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the ringmaster, patting the donkey, "if there is anybody in the audience who thinks he can ride this frisky animal, he is at liberty to try; but to make the trial more interesting, I will give any man twenty-five dollars who will ride him once around the ring."

Here was "Hi's" opportunity; here was a chance for glory; a sweetheart and twenty-five dollars. Hardly had the offer been made before he bounded into the ring and accepted it. A few of the smaller boys yelled and cheered as they recognized him; and many others hoped for his discomfiture, and said nothing.

Going boldly up to the donkey, he swung one leg over and took a seat upon his back. Scarcely had he done so, when the animal laid down and rolled over, after which he got up and turned around to look at "Hi," who was just creeping out of the sawdust. Such a yell of delight as went up from that crowd is rarely ever heard.

But "Hi" was plucky, and resolved to win. So he again took a seat on the donkey's back. The animal walked on a few steps, when up went his heels, and the rider again came to grief on his head—ahead of the donkey. More frantic shouts, in the midst of which he again picked himself up and went for that educated "animile."

This time he got the beast by the head and tail, and coiled his legs under his belly. The ringmaster cracked his whip, and up went the donkey, first fore and then aft, like a lame rocking-horse. Then he went sideways, and "Hi" twisted and got head downwards, and rooted around in the sawdust and dirt with his proboscis.

This was too much. The rough handling broke his pants badly in a very bad place, and he wore a pea-jacket—*a very short one*. As he picked himself up and shook the sawdust from his person the audience saw what he couldn't shake did yell. His enemies just howled. He looked for his hat, and found that the donkey had stepped into and run his foot through it and it was now half way up his leg.

Being in too sorry a plight to return to Amanda, he struck around to the entrance and vanished from it, evidently for the purpose of making repairs. But while he was making them the show broke up, and a rival went to the rescue of the young lady and awaited upon her home. That show-off lost him his girl, who eventually married another, and it is safe to say that he never attempted to walk into the affections of another by riding an educated donkey.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

The late Dr. Chalmers is said to have been the author of the following beautiful lines, written on the occasion of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved:

I am alone in the chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds I hear;
And over my soul, in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went home one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall;
My mother came out to meet her son;
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside
When the flowers are all decayed;
I shall see his toys in his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride,
And they will speak with a silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,—
Where the hope of souls have no blight,
Or love no broken ties:
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace
And bathe in its blissful tide;
And one of the joys of life shall be
The little boy that died.



The Champion of the World.

The new Improved American Button-Hole Overseaming and Complete Sewing Machine—The greatest machine of the Age!

Simplcity, Durability & Cheapness Combined.

This machine being the litest, has many improvements over all other, in a word, it is a perfect machine which is acknowledged by the best judges and agents of all other machines.

Call on A. L. Bartges, Madisonburg, who is the authorized agent for Centre county. Also keeps the best Sewing Machine thread, needles, and repairs all kinds of sewing machines, clocks, watches, musick boxes &c. I will thoroughly canvass the section belonging to me, and I shall be very much pleased to sell every person a machine, on easy terms; give it a trial before purchasing any other—it has no equal. Parties wishing the machine, will please address the undersigned. Satisfaction guaranteed. All orders promptly attended to.

A. L. BARTGES,
Agent for Centre County.
MADISONBURG, PA.

CENTRAL HOTEL. Corner of Third and Chestnut Street, Mifflinburg, Pa, John Showers, Proprietor. Its Central Location makes it particularly desirable to persons visiting Town on business or pleasure. H. A. Taylor's Livery Attached. un21. 1y.

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MILLHEIM MARBLE WORKS.

New Firm—New Enterprse.

DEININGER & MUSSER,

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We would most respectfully inform the public, that they have taken charge of this old and successful establishment, and propose to carry on the same under renewed auspices.

They have on hand, and will make to order,

MONUMENTS,
COUCHES,
TOMBS & HEADSTONES,

of any possible design, and price. We use the best grades of marble—

ITALIAN,
CARARA,
AMERICAN STATUARY,
RUTLAND &c.,

and say with perfect assurance, "Our work is our reference."

Shop, east of Bridge, Millheim. apr26.1y.

J. ZELLER & SON

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No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31. 72.

HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, &C. — THE PLACE TO BUY CHEAPEST

P. B. WILSON. THOMAS A. HICKS.

HARDWARE STORE!!

WILSON & HICKS,

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(Successors to IRWIN & WILSON.,)

Respectfully inform the citizens of Centre and other counties, that they have one of the largest and best selected stock of Hardware to be found, consisting of Iron, Steel, Nails, Horse Shoes, Axels, Spring Wagon Skeins and Boxes, Complete stock of carpenter tools and builders hardware, locks, oils, paints, glass, varnishes, brushes, cucumber pumps and tubing. Lamps of all kinds, scales, cutlery,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE.

Full line of saddlery and coach makers goods, wood work for buggies and wagons, ploughs, harrows, cultivators and grindstones. Looking glasses and mirror plates. Picture frames made to order. They also have the celebrated cook stove,

SUSQUEHANNA,

every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction. All kinds of parlor stoves. We are determined to sell at the lowest prices for cash, or on short credit—not to exceed three months. Call and see us, as we take pleasure in showing our goods.

WILSON & HICKS,
Bellefonte, Pa.

mar15tf.

HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, &C. — THE PLACE TO BUY CHEAPEST

Gift & Flory's New Shoe Store!

AT CENTRE HALL.

They have now opened, and will constantly keep on hand, a splendid stock of new SHOES, GAITERS, & SLIPPERS, for men, women and children, from the best manufactories in the country, and now offered at the

Lowest Prices.

BOOTS and SHOES made to order, upon short notice. They invite the people of this vicinity to give them a call, as they will strive to merit a share of their patronage. my10tf

NEW FURNITURE STORE.

1 DOOR BELOW HOFFER'S

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Dealer in

FURNITURE

OF ALL KINDS,

BEDSTEADS, TABLES, CHAIRS,

Parlor and Chamber Sets,

SOFAS, LOUNGES,

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Particular Attention to Ordered Work.

REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY.

UNDERTAKING,

In All Its Branches,

METALIC, WALNUT, ROSEWOOD, AND COMMON CASKETS,

Always on Hand, and Funerals Attended With an Elegant Hearse. ap5tf.

Stoves! Fire! Stov's!

At Andy Reesman's, Centre Hall, are latest and best stoves out, he has just received a large lot of

Cook Stoves, the Pioneer Cook,
the Eclipse Cook,
the Reliance Cook.

PARLORS—The Radiant Light, self-feeder, Gas Burner, National Egg, Jewell, &c.

He sells stoves as LOW as anywhere in Mifflin or Centre co.

TIN AND SHEETIRON WARE

The undersigned hereby informs the citizens of Pennsvalley that he has purchased the Tinshop heretofore carried on by the C. H. Mf'g Co., and will continue the same, at the old stand, in all its branches, in the manufacture of

STOVE PIPE & SPOUTING.

All kinds of repairing done. He has always on hand

Fruit Cans, of all Sizes,
BUCKETS,
CUPS,
DIPPERS,
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All work warranted and charges reasonable. A share of the public patronage solicited.

AND. REESMAN,
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NEW GOODS.

Herlacher & Cronmiller,

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Have just received,

Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Wood and willow ware Iron, Salt, Fish and in fact, a magnificent assortment of everything and now offered at prices lower than the lowest.

Dress Goods

A most beautiful variety, consisting of all the novelttes of the season, white goods, embroideries, hoop skirts, BALMORAL SKIRTS,

All we ask that you will CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK

ALL KINDS OF HARNESS,

silver plated and Yankee Harness double and single, bridles and halters. apr 1

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Are the Sole Proprietors of the

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CENTRE HALL, PA. apr12 tf

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respectfully informs the citizens of Centre county, that he has constantly on hand and makes to order, all kinds of

BEDSTEADS,
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HOME MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND.

His stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and all made under his own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates as cheap as elsewhere. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of the same.

Call and see his stock before purchasing elsewhere. ap24'68'1y.

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BLAIR & STITZER,

Attorneys at Law, Bellefonte, Office, on the Diamond, next door to Garman's hotel. Consultations in German or English. feb19'69tf

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney at Law. Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Office in the diamond, north side of the court house, Bellefonte. oct22'69tf

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CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO

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RECEIVE DEPOSITS,

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Discount Notes,

Buy and Sell

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JAS. M'MANUS Attorney at Law Bellefonte, promptly attends to all business entrusted to him. jul3,68tf

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney at Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Reynold's bank. may14'69tf

H. N. M'ALLISTER, JAMES A. BEAVER.

M'ALLISTER & BEAVER,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Bellefonte, Centre Co., Penn'a. ap69tf

IRA C. MITCHELL, Attorney at Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Garman's new building opposite the Court House. may5,

Science on the Advance.

C. H. Gutelius,

Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist

who is permanently located in Aaronsburg in the office formerly occupied by Dr. Neff, and who has been practicing with entire success—having the experience of a number of years in the profession, he would cordially invite all who have as yet not given him a call, to do so, and test the truthfulness of this assertion. Teeth extracted without pain. may22'68tf

JNO. H. ORVIS. C. T. ALEXANDER

ORVIS & ALEXANDER,

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with Orvis & Alexander, attends to collections and practice in the Orphan's Court. 7Jan'70tf

BOOTS, large stock, all styles, sizes and prices, for men and boys, just arrived at Wolf's well known old Stand.

Chas. H. Held,

Clock, Watchmaker & Jeweler

Millheim, Centre co., Penna.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has just opened at his new establishment, above Alexander's Store, and keeps constantly on hand all kinds of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry of the latest styles, as also the Maranville Patent Calender Clocks, provided with a complete index of the month, and day of the month and week on its face, which is warranted as a perfect time-keeper.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted. sep11'68;1y

MILLER'S HOTEL, Woodward, Pa Stages arrive and depart daily. This favorite hotel is now in every respect one of the most pleasant country hotels in central Pennsylvania. The traveling community will always find the best accommodation. Drovers can at all times be accommodated with stables and pasture for any number of cattle or horses.

july3'68tf GEO. MILLER.

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WINES AND LIQUORS

The subscriber respectfully calls the attention of the public to his establishment, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of Foreign and Domestic Liquors wholesale at the lowest cash prices, which are warranted to be the best qualities according to their respective prices. His stock consists of Rye, Monongahela, Irish and other Whiskies, all kinds of Brandies, Holland Gin, Port, Maderia, Cherry, Blackberry and other Wines—the best articles—at as reasonable rates as can be had in the city, Champagne, Cherry, Blackberry, Ginger and Carraway Brandies, Pure Jamaica and New England Rum, Cordial of all kinds. He would particularly invite Farmers, Hotel keepers and others to call and examine his large supply, to judge for themselves and be certain of procuring what they buy, which can seldom be done when purchasing in the city.

Physicians are respectfully requested to give his liquors a trial. ap10

On Marriage.

Essays for Young Men, on GREAT SOCIAL EVILS and ABUSES which interfere with Marriage, and ruin the happiness of thousands,—with sure means of relief for the Erring and Unfortunate, diseased and debilitated. Sent in sealed letter envelopes free of charge.

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The Chepast, purest, best.

OPPOSITE THE IRON FRONT,
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RUHL & GAULT.

Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Syrup, Dried Fruit, Canned Fruit, Hams, Dried Beef, Salt, Pickles, Butter, Flour, Corn Meal, Buckweat Flour, and everything usualy kept in a well regulated first class Grocery Store

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Stages arrive and depart daily, for all points, north, south, east and west.

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WHOLESALE WINE & LIQUOR STORE

Bishop street, Bellefonte, in the Stone building formerly occupied by the Keystone Bakery

Takes pleasure in informing the public that he keeps constantly on hand a supply of choice Foreign and Domestic Liquors.

All Barrels, Kegs and Casks warranted to contain the quantity represented.

The attention of practicing physicians is called to his stock of

PURE LIQUORS,

suitable for medical purposes. Bottles, jugs, and demijohns constantly on hand. He has the ONLY PURE NECTAR WHISKY in town.

All liquors are warranted to give satisfaction. Liquors will be sold by the quart, barrel, or tierce. He has a large lot of

BOTTLED LIQUORS

Of the finest grades on hand.

Confident that he can please customer he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage my14t

THE undersigned, determined to met the popular demand for Lower Prices, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his stock of

SADDLERY,

now offered at the old stand. Designed especially for the people and the times, the largest and most varied and complete assortment of

Saddles, Harness, Collars, Bridles, of every description and quality; Whips, and in fact everything complete to a first-class establishment, he now offers at prices which will suit the times.

JACOB DINGES. CentreHall

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a choice property for sale, consisting of a new two story frame house, new stable, and other outbuildings. The lot is a fine one, lying on Main street, Centre Hall, and has a variety of choice fruit trees upon it. For further information apply to

19ap3m M. RICHARD, Ag't.

Beautiful Toilet Setts,

Chamber Pails, &c.,

For sale by

apr26. tf. WM'T M'MANIGAL.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, every where, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week; by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

Next week—being fourth-of-July week—there will be no paper issued from this office. Our hands want some recreation, and time to work off a little patriotism. We only follow a time-honored custom among newspaper publishers.

NORMAL INSTITUTE.—In compliance with a resolution passed at the Tri-ennial Convention of School Directors of Centre County, the annual session of the Centre County Normal Institute will be held this year at Centre Hall, commencing on Wendnesday, July 24th, and continuing from eight to ten weeks. A course of Lectures by competent Lecturers will be delivered during the session. Musical Department will be connected with the school, at the usual rates. The tuition will range from $5,00 to $10,00. Boarding and furnished rooms $2,75 to $3,00 per week. Students upon arrival will please call upon the teachers, who will designate suitable boarding places. Further information can be had by addressing R. M. Magee, Co. Supt.

LOST.—On last Sabbath, on or about the board-walk, leading from town to the Reformed church, of this place, a gold locket containing four garnet sets. The finder will please return to

MRS. MARY E. SHOOPS.

Potters Mills has been fixed upon for a grand Fourth-of-July Pic-Nic, to be held in M'Coy's grove.

On Sunday two weeks ago, Charles Gutelius, of Woodward, killed a black snake measuring five feet and two inches in length.

Won't hold water—Meek's Osceola story. Try a new one.

The cutworm has done some damage to the corn in this valley.

The Reformed church at this place is being re-painted.

On Monday, Page's furniture establishment, Williamsport, was slightly damaged by lightning.

The editor has gone to Erie, where the state editorial association is in session, this week. This week's paper is consequently left entirely in the hands of the boys—or devils if you please—and they will get it out according to their own taste and abilities, and our readers will kindly make allowance for any short comings.

The young people of Sinking Creek and adjoining districts, held a picnic on Saturday, June 22d, in the woods South of the Stone Mill. This picnic was well attended, over one hundred persons were present. The pleasure obtained of partaking of the well prepared supper, and the enjoyment of the beautifull grove is not to be expressed.

W. R.

Rev. James Arney will preach in the Reformed church, of this place, on Sabbath evening, July 7th.

Joe Furey, editor of the Watchman, and his pretty wife, with Miss Galbraith a compositoress in the same office, gladdened our sanctum with a visit on Saturday evening, last.

ANOTHER MURDER.—In Snow Shoe on Sunday last, Thomas Hickey, while under the influence of liquor, stabbed Rider, in the thigh, severing one of the large arteries, from which he bleed to death in a very short time. Hickey had bought a knife just a short time before, and declared that somebody would be killed. In walking out he met Rider, and without provocation, called him "a d—n—s of a b—." Rider told him not to repeat it, and in stepping up to him, Hickey stabbed as above. Hickey was lodged in jail at Rellefonte, on Monday.

HAIL STORM.—A hail storm visited Sugar Valley on Sunday afternoon about six o'clock. In some places about Logansville it is reported to have lain three inches deep. The stones were generally small but thick. The heaviest part of the storm was in and around Logansville. The corn and fruit were badly cut.

ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—We are sorry to learn that Mr. M'Kinney, living near Potter's Mills, attempted to commit suicide, on last Friday afternoon, 21st, by cutting his throat with a razor. He cut a ghastly wound in his neck, severing the windpipe, and then lay down, thinking the work had been accomplished, but none of the large arteries having been severed, the flow of blood was not sufficient to end his life. He was subject to fits of derangement, and was in that state of mind when he made this attempt upon his life. His being missed from home, led his wife to search for him; found him in the woods, not far from the house, in the above condition. His life is not in danger from the injuries inflicted.

A. S. Able, editor and proprietor of the Baltimore Sun, is stated to have amassed a fortune of 10,000,000. He commenced life as a journeyman printer, forty years ago, and is reputed to be the wealthiest man in Baltimore.

The Middleburg Post reports locusts alarmingly plenty in Snyder Co., almost every tree and shrub being laden with them.

A little boy in Paxton Ill., lately got into a trunk with his kitten and shut down the lid which was provided with a spring lock. There was a long hunt for a lost boy and it took an hour to bring him to consciousness when found.

On Monday, before daylight, it commenced raining, and continuing throughout the day and night, and all day and night on Tuesday. The country up about Pine Grove Mills, acres of ground are under water, and bridges were swept away by the flood.

The locusts can now be seen in any form or shape, some are just making their appearance, a number are on the trees, while others are on the ground making ready for their latter end, of which, we saw two or three standing on their hind legs and trying to play the Banjo with their front ones, several standing on their heads and saying "how is that for high?" In fact we saw a big old gray headed one lying on his back and hollowing with all his might "Hurrah for Greeley."

MY LODGER'S WIFE.

The alarm from Fenian outbreaks is too recent to require any description here, even if I were capable of writing one; but as a plain widow woman—which I am—I have no pretension to write history. I only know that down at Weymouth, as well as every where else, we were always being startled by some fresh report of what the Fenians had done, or were going to do—generally the latter. This was coming to all places; but we had special interest in them at Weymouth, because most of the men, when convicted, were sent to Portland, and we sometimes caught a sight of them on the platform of our station when they were changed to the little branch line. I suppose almost every body who reads these words knows that Portland Island is only two or three miles from our town, and that there are nearly two thousand convicts there. They have built the breakwater, and made a regular castle on the island; and so have done a great deal of work there, if they never did any before they came.

Now and then one escapes; but he is nearly always retaken directly, or gets drowned in trying to swim off to some boat. My husband, who was a master-fisherman, saw one drowned. Although he was a convict, my husband tried to save him; but he went down like a stone, not twenty yards from his skiff. My husband was very much upset by it; for, instead of being a forbidding-looking ruffian, like Bill Sikes, in "Oliver Twist," he was a mild-looking, fair-haired young fellow, who didn't seem above one or two and twenty. However, my poor husband was drowned himself not very long after this, and I have lived ever since on a very little income he left me, and by letting furnished apartment in the season.

In the winter Weymouth is very dull, and I, living alone, would almost have been glad to accommodate any one for nothing, in order to have company in the house; so I was very pleased to have a chance of letting my first-floor rooms to a very respectable young man, who wanted them at a reduced rate. I had been, with many others, to the station to see a batch of Fenians change for Portland; but we were obliged to come back unsatisfied, because the railway companies would not allow any strangers in. This was the more annoying as we all wanted to see a Colonel La Troulle, a Fenian from New Orleans, who had fought desperately when taken, and he had been terribly hurt about the head, and rendered senseless, before he would surrender. As it happened, we were not able to see him; so we all went back as we came.

I had been at home about ten minutes, and was warming my cocoa for my supper, when I heard a knock at the street door, and on opening it I saw a very good-looking young fellow—very slight, very dark, with a black mustache, and altogether a foreign air. He spoke English, however, and said he had been advised to apply to me for cheap apartments; that he was not very rich. He had come to Weymouth believing he should have an appointment in one of the hotels—he looked as if he would have made a capital waiter—but was disappointed for the present. He wished to remain in the town to be in readiness, and so had applied to me. I was glad he had done so, and offered him my rooms cheap. He agreed to take them, and sent for his boxes from the station at once. He had a great deal of luggage; more than most young men possess.

I never had a quieter, gentler lodger in my life than he was; no trouble, no noise, never out of an evening by any chance; and his manner was always so soft and quiet that, as I used to tell him, it was more like having a girl in the house than a man. He would laugh at this, and say the same thing had often been remarked before. At first he seemed to make no inquiries after any situation, or to visit his friends at all; but after he had been with me about a fortnight he went out nearly every day, and all day long. I was glad to see that he did so, for really he mewed himself up in his room so constantly that I began to fear he would injure his health.

What puzzled me not a little was the finding that he spent a great part of his time on the island—not that Portland is really an island, only every body calls it so. In the winter time there can not be a more dreary place in the world than Portland. The storm seems to rage there oftener and fiercer than they do any where else, the roads are bad, the houses are small and mean, and except for the wild, romantic sea view which lies all around you, and the awful Race of Portland, which no vessel can cross, there is nothing to be seen. My niece paid me a visit about this time, and nothing would do but that I must go with her over the island. I did so, and to my surprise I saw Mr. Lewis—for such was my lodger's name—leaning against one of the huge blocks of stone which lie about the quarries, and gazing so thoughtfully out to sea that he never noticed us driving by. Then my niece's husband came to fetch her home; and as he had never been to Weymouth before, he, to, must see the island, and I must go with him and his wife. So a second time I went, and a second time, to my great surprise, I saw Mr. Lewis. To-day he was talking to a tall man in plain clothes, who had just the look of a warder out of his uniform. They were in the middle of the road, so Mr. Lewis might have been asking his way; but I was confident, from their eager, hurried manner, that he was not. Yet when he recognized me he raised his cap, and the warder—I'm sure it was a warder—pointed along a path as though he was giving some direction, and then we lost sight of them. But I did not forget the incident.

A few nights after this I was surprised, on answering a knock at the door, to find some one inquiring for Mr. Lewis, for he had never had a visitor before. The stranger gave the name of Brown, and was at once invited up stairs. After a visit of about half an hour he left, and then my lodger, who had seemed, I fancied, to avoid me of late, came into my little kitchen, and began, in the chatty manner which had made him so pleasant, to talk about the gentleman who had just left. He said he was connected with one of the chief hotels, and had called to speak about an appointment. Now I had lived in Weymouth, maid, wife, and widow, for thirty-two years, and knew by sight every gentleman connected with every hotel there, and this was none of them. And if my judgment was worth any thing, this man was a warder from Portland, and, what was more, was the very warder I had seen Mr. Lewis speaking with on the island. I was quite sure of this, and knew, therefore, that for some purpose my lodger was deceiving me; but I reflected that every family has its secrets, so supposed he had his reasons for trying to mislead me.

Just now a complete change took place in my lodger's habits, for whereas he had previously been the most retiring of creatures, keeping himself so totally within-doors that scarcely a soul in the street knew him, he now seemed to be never tired of hanging about the front door. He cleaned my windows twice as often as I had ever cleaned them; he painted my shutters; he painted my flower-boxes, and was frequently trimming the flowers in them; while he actually went two or three times to the *White Lion*, the public-house at the corner of our street, and drank his ale at the bar, instead of allowing the pot-man to bring it for him, as had hitherto been the case. I took the liberty of saying—for I was quite old enough to be his mother—that I hoped this last would not grow into a habit which might lead to harm. when, to my surprise, he burst out crying, and cried so bitterly that I thought he would go into hysterics. I tried to soothe him, and took his hand in mine—he had a soft and delicate hand, too; but he rose, and mastering himself by a great effort, went up to his room. In the morning he apologized for disturbing me by his absurd ways: he had bad news from home, he said. Of course I told him not to think any more of such a trifle: but in my own mind I wondered where he got the letters from which had so upset him, as I was quite certain the postman had not been near my house all day. All this time I had heard no more of the situation he expected; but, soon after, the same stranger called again—Mr. Brown, I mean. He called very late one night, and went straight up to Lewis's room, came down in a very short time, and left without a word, as before. As I had admitted him, I had a fair chance of confirming my opinion; he was a warder, I was sure. He was a tall, big-bearded, big-whiskered, and mustached man, who stood very square when he spoke to you, as a soldier does; weather-browned, as all the Portland warders are; and with a certain quick, watchful look of the eye, which they all acquire very soon.

The next morning brought a heavy fall of rain, with gusts of wind from the sea; and on taking up Mr. Lewis's breakfast, I noticed that he looked excited, not wild, and I feared he had taken cold. I told him so, but he said, "No. The fact is, Mrs. Gerran, I must now tell you a little secret: I am married, and I expect my wife from town to-day."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, for I had never dreamed of such a thing.

"Yes," he went on, "she is coming this evening, and I am a little worried to think what an unpleasant ride she will have."

"She certainly will, poor thing," I said; "but I will do my best to make her comfortable, Mr. Lewis."

"I know you will," he replied. "I thank you heartily, Mrs. Gerran. We rely on you very much."

I left him his breakfast, and went down stairs, considerably astonished by what I had heard. The weather grew worse during the day, and by night it was little short of a tempest. I often thought of the poor young woman who was coming all the way from London on such a night; and what made it worse was that I could not offer to go and meet her, for, strange to say, Mr. Lewis did not know by what train she would come, or whether she would travel by the Great Western or the Southwestern line. It blew harder and harder; the furious blasts of wind swept through our little street, and drove the rain before it, so as almost to blind you, if you tried to face it. There was not a gas-light which was not blown out, and I need not say the sky was pitch-dark. On such nights I always sit and think of my poor husband, and of the many others who earn their living on the dreadful sea; and I can hear nothing, attend to nothing, but the howling of the storm. So it was no wonder that the pot-man knocked two or three times when he brought Mr. Lewis's beer before I heard him; and when I opened the door, it was almost blown out of my hand by the force of the wind.

"It is a very terrible night, Robert," I said, for he was a very civil young man, and had been at the *White Lion* for years.

"It is indeed, ma'am," he said. "There's a sea on to-night that's a-flying over the Chesil Bank like yeast. They've been firing artillery on the island; but, except now and then in a lull, you couldn't hear the guns."

"Firing!" I said; "firing! What is that for, Robert?"

"More convicts is off, ma'am," was his answer; "and I hear there is some fellow of consequence among 'em. Poor chap! He's sure to be caught such a night as this, if he hasn't tumbled over the face of a cliff already."

I bade him good-night, and closed the door, still sadder in my mind than I had previously been. It always made me sorrowful when I heard of the poor convicts trying to escape. Whatever their faults may have been, liberty is sweet to all of us, and very few of them ever succeeded in getting away—hardly any, although many a one had lost his life in trying. I took the beer up to Mr. Lewis's room, and tapping at his door, said, as I generally did, "Here is your beer, Mr. Lewis;" and, as usual, the door was opened, and he took it from me. Instead of having his lamp burning, as was his custom, his room was in complete darkness, so that I could hardly see him to give him the jug, and in the gloom he seemed to look stouter and taller than usual. He did not speak, whereas he generally had a little joke; but now he took the jug in silence. I lingered for a moment, but finding that he did not speak, I was going down stairs, when I thought of his wife. Mr. Lewis had almost closed the door, when I said how anxious I felt about her getting safely in through the storm, when, to my amazement, he replied, without opening the door more than a few inches, "I am much obliged for your kindness, Mrs. Gerran, but my wife has been in this hour past." I never was so astonished in my life. I had made two or three little preparations to comfort her, and felt hurt that I should not have been informed of her arrival. "Yes," he continued, "she came when the wind was roaring so loudly that you did not hear her knock. I let her in; and as she was tired and wet I thought the best thing she could do was to lie down at once." Well, perhaps it was; but I could not help fancying that, for all that, they might have treated me with a little more consideration. However, I could say nothing; and so I went to bed, and, as soon as the storm would allow, to sleep.

The first thing I heard in the morning, from my milkman, was that only one of the convicts had tried to escape, and that for the present he was still at large. It was rumored in the town that it was Colonel La Troulle who had got away, but the government people would not say much about it. The whole place was astir, he said. All day long I heard the same kind of tidings repeated; and, in fact, I saw enough to convince me that extraordinary exertions were being made to capture the runaway. The *White Lion* was searched by a party of officers, and so was a house in the same street as my own, where a number of young-men lodgers were taken. I heard, that the railways were watched, not only at our station, but that the trains were examined at places twenty or thirty miles out, in case the convict should have got in at some little station. It was supposed, however, that, although these precautions were taken, he was still in the island, as from his wearing the prison dress, it would be so difficult for him to escape notice.

I did not see Mr. Lewis all day, nor his wife; but just at twilight I was startled by the latter coming quietly into my little kitchen, and asking me for the milk. She was a pretty-looking young woman, wearing her hair in short curls. It was fair hair, and she was fair too, quiet and shy in her manner, speaking in a voice so low that I could scarcely hear her. She explained that her husband had, unfortunately, taken a severe cold, and would be obliged to keep his bed for a day or so. Of course I offered any assistance in my power. She thanked me, and went up stairs. When she had gone I could do nothing for the life of me, for many minutes, but sit and think of her. There was an unaccountable feeling, quite a certainty, it seemed, of having known her before, although when or where I could not say. So strong and strange was this impression that it was almost terrible to me, and, as I said, I could think of nothing else for a long time. However, I shook the feeling off at last, and went about my work, seeing no more of my lodger or his wife that night.

Robert at the *White Lion* told me, when he brought the supper beer, that, although it was hushed up as much as possible, yet it certainly was the Fenian who had escaped, and that it was one of the most desperate and ingenious escapes ever heard of. "Not, ma'am," he said, "as I believe in any of your ingenious escapes. I don't believe in a man doing with a rusty nail, or two prongs of a dinner-fork, or some such thing, in four or five hours, what it would take a couple of smiths all day to do with a basket of tools. It's the warders, ma'am, and they make these excuses: that's what it is, ma'am." This was the opinion of Robert at the *White Lion*, and I must own that I had, on similar occasions, heard many people in Weymouth express themselves to the same effect.

Once or twice the next day I saw Mrs. Lewis, and each time the impression that I had previously met her grew stronger. I fancied, however, that my looking straight at her, to try and remember when it could have been, disturbed her; so I avoided doing so as much as possible, but for the life of me I could not help doing it sometimes. On the following morning I had to go out for an hour or two, and when I came back I found my windows cleaned, the mould in the flower-boxes turned over, and various little things done, which told me that Lewis had been at work again, as, indeed, I found was the case. He had, unfortunately, been taken very unwell just before I came home, but previously he had been busy as usual in the front of the house.

As all attempts to recapture the convict had failed, and so there was no longer, I suppose a hope of keeping it quiet, that night great bills were stuck up about the town, offering five hundred pounds reward for the apprehension of the Fenian colonel—for it was he, after all—and one of these bills was stuck up on an empty house just opposite to my own door. I naturally got talking about this with Mrs. Lewis; at least I talked, and she listened, for she said hardly a word. And at last, when I struck a light to find something she wanted, I found she was crying. I told her I was afraid she was weak and low, that her long journey and her husband's illness had upset her, and asked her to let me make her some port-wine negus the last thing that night. She thanked me, but declined; and when she went away the remembrance of her face, with the tears on her cheeks, seemed ten times more familiar to me than ever. I determined to ask Mr. Lewis, when I saw him, if his wife had ever lived in Weymouth, but it seemed as though I never should see him again. However, I did see him that evening.

I had been up stairs for some time, and as I was looking over the contents of an old drawer I was very quiet, and my lodgers thought I was out; but presently I came down, and met Lewis ascending, carrying a light. I was in the dark.

"Good-evening, Mr. Lewis," I said; "I hope you are better."

He looked up, and said, "Yes; much better, thank you." He passed on, and left me almost petrified. *It was not the same man.* There was the same dark skin, mustache, hair, and whiskers; the same clothes; but this man, although short, was taller than my lodger, decidedly stouter, and had altogether a harder, sterner expression. There was no possible mistake. His voice, too, was wholly different; and I staggered, rather than walked, into my kitchen, feeling as though I had seen a ghost. I had not strength to procure a light; but in a few minutes Mrs. Lewis—sent down, as I found, by her husband—came in with one. Seeing me sitting, so pale and scared, in my chair, she said, "Are you ill, Mrs. Gerran? My husband fears you are." As if a flash of lightning had suddenly penetrated all the dark places of my mind, I saw, as she spoke, the meaning of all that had been mysterious, and by her face I saw she knew her secret was revealed. She was my lodger; she was the Mr. Lewis I had known. Altered and changed in every respect as she was, I knew her now. She locked her hands together, and twisted her fingers with a nervous, frightened air, and looked anxiously at me.

"Who—who are you?" I asked. "Why are you dressed like this? Who is the man—"

"Oh, Mrs. Gerran," she cried, throwing herself down at my knees, before I could move to stay her, "forgive my deceiving you, and still be my friend—be my husband's friend. If you are not kind and true to us, we are lost. We have no home but this—no friend but you. It will soon, I trust, be different but at this moment my poor husband is a fugitive, an outlaw, a convict, and a price is set upon his head."

"A price upon his head!" I echoed. "Is he then—"

"Yes," she said, interrupting me, although she was sobbing as if her heart would break—"Yes, my husband is Colonel La Troulle, the Fenian. We are Americans, and we are only waiting for the pursuit to cool, when we shall cross to France, and can then easily regain our home—never more, I trust to leave it.

"Rise up, my poor girl," I said, lifting her on a chair; "and believe me that no money would tempt me to betray your husband; for your sake, at any rate, I will be true to you both. I hope for your sake, too, that he will leave his dreadful and desperate schemes."

"Oh, Mrs. Gerran," she answered, "do not think him a blood-thirsty man; there never breathed a gentler or kinder being. He was sadly deceived in the business which brought him here; but come and see him, that he may know he is safe under your roof."

I went with her; and found this desperate Fenian quite a mild, gentlemanly person. He was full of gratitude to me; and although his close-cut hair, now that he sat without his wig, and his dark face, made him look stern enough, yet his eyes swam with genuine tears over and over again, when he spoke of his wife and her devotion to him.

Of course every one can now see how it was managed. When he was sent to Portland, his wife came down, dressed as a man, and, while lodging with me, took care to familiarize the neighbors with the fact that I had a young-man lodger. One of the warders had already been gained over—so Robert at the *White Lion* was not so far wrong in his guess—and he it was with whom I had seen the supposed Mr. Lewis talking, and who came to my house twice. On his second visit he came to say that all was arranged, and that her husband would get away soon after dark the next night. It was, fortunately for the sheme, a very stormy one; so La Troulle got past the station, and followed the Chesil Bank until he thought it safe to strike the line, and then got over the railway bridge without being recognized. He had a large railway rug over his shoulders, which hid his convict dress; and the only really dangerous part of his journey was through the streets to reach my house; but the dreadful storm cleared away all passengers, and he entered our street without having met half a dozen people. His wife was watching from her window, and seeing him, slipped down and opened the street door without my knowing any thing about it. Then they removed the stains from his face, hands, and neck with washes which she had brought with her, and he wore a wig, made to resemble her short curls. Poor young thing! she showed me such beautiful locks which she had cut off, to enable her to look more like a man: they must have been nearly a yard long, I am sure. They thought no place was so safe as Weymouth, and they were right, for the officers were hunting all over London and Ireland and Liverpool, and goodness knows where besides. La Troulle showed himself a little, but not too much, and no one ever suspected the change in my lodgers. In about a fortnight he got quietly on board a fruit sloop which was going back to France; and both he and his wife wrote to me when they got there, and also when they arrived at New Orleans. I don't know who the warder was; but I heard, shortly after, from Robert at the *White Lion*, that one of them had left Portland to go and take a very handsome public-house in London; so I had my suspicions. Mrs. La Troulle made me accept her gold watch, and I have worn it ever since in memory of her.

FROM LIGHT INTO DARKNESS.

Shortly after I took possession of the Lancaster (Pa.) *Intelligencer*, more than 34 years ago—before I had reached manhood—Mrs. Dickson, the amiable and gentle postmistress of that place, handed me a soiled letter directed to "the editor of a newspaper," which she said had been in her possession for more than a year, and had not been delivered because it had no definite address. Upon opening it I found it dated Logansport, Ind., and signed by George W. Ewing, United States Indian agent. He stated that he had only recently stopped at an Indian wigwam for the night on the banks of the Mississinewa, about fifty miles south of Fort Wayne, and found it occupied by a family who were rich for Indians, and boasted of considerable property in houses and lands. He went on to say that in the course of the evening he noticed that the hair of one of the women was light and her skin under her dress white, and so he entered into conversation with her, which was not difficult, as he spoke the language of the tribe. She told him she was white, but had been carried away when a very small girl. She could only remember that her name was Slocum; that she had lived in a little house on the banks of the Susquehanna; also the number of her father's family, and the order of their ages; but she could not recall the name of the town from which she was taken. Fascinated by this romantic story, yet undecided how to let the facts be known, he wrote a letter and sent it to my native town of Lancaster as the place nearest the Susquehanna that he could remember of any importance. After, as I have said, sleeping in the post-office for many months it came out through the columns of my little journal, and in that way got to the Slocums of Wilkesbarre, being the first intelligence of the child which had been stolen from them 60 years before. The brother of Frances, who was only two years and a half old when her sister was carried off by the Indians, started for the Indian country in company with his eldest sister, who had aided him to escape, and another brother, then living in Ohio, born after the captivity of Frances. After a long journey they found a little wigwam among the Miami Indians. "We shall know Frances," said the sister, "because she has lost the nail of her first finger. You, brother, hammered it off in the blacksmith's shop when she was four years old." They entered and found a swarthy woman who looked to be 75. She was painted, jeweled, and dressed like an Indian in all respects. Nothing but her hair and her covered skin indicated her origin. They got an interpreter, asked her name and where she was born. "How came that nail gone?" said the elder sister. She answered, "My elder brother pounded it off when I was a little child in the shop." They had discovered the long-lost sister. They asked her Christian name. She had forgotten it. "Was it Frances?" As if smitten by a revelation, she answered "Yes." It was the first time she had heard it pronounced in 60 years. Here they were met, two brothers and two sisters, after having been separated for more than half a century. The brothers were walking the cabin, unable to speak, the sister was drowned in tears, but the poor Indian sat motionless and passionless. She could not speak a word of English. She did not know when Sunday came. Was not this the consummation of ignorance in a descendant of the Puritans? She had been carried off by the Indians, and when she grew up she married one of their number. He either died or ran away, and then she married a Miami chief, since dead. She had two daughters, both married, who, 34 years ago, lived in all the glory of Indian cabins, deer-skin clothes, and crow-skin head-dresses. They had horses in abundance, and when the Indian sister accompanied her new relatives, she bridled her horse and mounted it astride. At night she slept on the floor, with her blanket around her. They could not persuade her to return to Wilkesbarre, even when the invitation was extended to her children. She had always lived with the Indians, they had been kind to her, and she promised her last husband on his death-bed she would never leave them. It is now nearly 95 years since this white child was torn from her parents' home in Wyoming valley. There have been few more interesting changes in this long interval than this transformation from civilization to barbarism.

ABOUT A MULE.

The mule stood on the steamer's deck,
The land he would not tread;
They pulled the halter round his neck,
And cracked him o'er the head.

Yet firm and steadfast there he stood,
As though formed for a rule;
A critter of heroic blood
Was that there cussed mule.

They cussed and swore—he would not go
Until he felt inclined;
And though they showered blow on blow
He wouldn't change his mind.

The deck hand to the skipper then cried,
"This here mule's bound to stay,"
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
"The boat's about to sail,
[illegible]
[illegible] his tail!"

"It's that that will make him land!"
[illegible]
[illegible]
To twist that there mule's tail.

There came a sudden kick behind!
The man—ah! where was he?
[illegible] blowing wind,
The fishes in the sea!

For a moment there was not a sound,
And that mule winked his eye,
As though to ask of those around,
"Now, how is that for high?"

[illegible] that there mule's throat right away
The captain did command;
But the noblest critter killed that day,
Was the fearless, brave deck hand.

DEATHS

On May 31st, at Boalsburg, Mrs. Margaret L. Durst, wife of Wm. Durst, aged 60 years, 5 months, and 1 day.

On the 13th inst., by the Rev. D. M. Wolf, Mr. Jeremiah Swortz, to Miss Mary M. Noll, both of Spring twp.

MARRIAGES.

On 16th inst., at Aaronsburg, Mr. Nicodemus Lose, to Miss Emma J. Meyer, both of Centre county.

On 13th inst, by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. John A. Peters to Miss Elisabeth Mulberger, both of Oak Hall.

On 18th inst., by the same, Mr. J. W. Stem M. D. of Millheim, to Mrs. Annie E. Gingrich, of Linden Hall.

On 13th, Samuel Ziegler and Miss Emma Kleinfelter, both of Madisnburg.

ESTRAY.—Came to the residence of the subscriber, near Centre Hall, on or about the 18th day of June, 1872, two steers, supposed to be between two and three years old, each having his ears tipped, both red, one having white spot on back. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take them away, or otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

28 june. JACOB DINGES.

PENN HALL ACADEMY.—The next term in the Department of Academical Studies will begin on Monday, July 29th, at 9 o'clock A. M.

The usual Academical Course will be continued, thus giving the young Students a thorough training in Special and Practical instructions. Terms of tuition from $5 to $8 for a session of ten weeks, with deduction therefrom in case of sickness. Students can procure board at reasonable rates. W. C. SHAFFER, Principal.

Valuable Farm at Private Sale

The undersigned offers at private sale, a valuable Farm, situated in Gregg township, Centre county, near the railroad depot at Spring Mills, and belonging to the estate of Elisabeth Neese, dec'd.

This farm contains 223 ACRES FARMLAND of which 50 acres are well timbered. Thereon are erected two dwelling houses, with Barns and all necessary outbuildings. Fruit of all kinds and an abundance of water on the premises. The land is under a high state of cultivation, and among the best in the valley.

For further information apply to JAS. D. GENTZELL, one of the Administrators, near Spring Mills. June 14. tf.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St., BELLEFONTE, PA.,

R. F. Rankin & Co.,
(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.

PURE WINE & LIQUORS for medicinal purposes.

SHOULDER BRACES, TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety.

Also, Choice CIGARS AND TOBACCO, and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

1june tf. R. F. RANKIN & CO.

Commissioner.

We are authorized to announce the name of George Meyer, of Ferguson twp., as a candidate for county commissioner, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

Prothonotary.

We are authorized to announce the name of John Moran, of Bellefonte, as candidate for Prothonotary, subject to decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce that Aaron Williams, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce the name of Geo. S Hoy, of Marion twp., as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Jacob Bottorf, of Harris twp., as candidate for sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Henry Noll, of Spring tp., as candidate for sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authoroized to announce the name of B. F. Brown, of Harris twp., as a candidate for sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Benjamin Shafer, of Walker twp., as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Alex. Shannon, of Centre Hall as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of John Spangler, of Centre Hall, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

Corrected by C. D. Keller.

White Wheat $1,90, Red 185...Rye......75......Corn 60......Oats 50......Barley 60, 70......Cloverseed 5,00......Potatoes 45, Lard per pound 8......Pork per pound 09 Butter 25......Eggs 15. ......Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8......Bacon 8......Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS

White wheat 2,00....Red wheat 1,75....Rye 75......Corn 60....Oats 55......Barley 65......Cloverseed 4,00....Timothyseed, 250........Salt 2 50 per sack,..............................Bacon 10c......Ham 16......Butter 15... Eggs 15......Plaster 9 50

USE PAIN CURE OIL
"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT" FOR Pains, Sores, Wounds and Lameness.
BUY IT! TRY IT!
For Fever and Ague, . . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Rheumatism, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Neuralgia, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Fever Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Cholera Morbus, . . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Sprains, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Headache, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Bruises, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Corns and Bunions, . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Lameness, . . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
Every Bottle is Warranted, And we challenge the World to produce its equal. Used Externally and Internally for MAN AND BEAST. Ask for PAIN CURE OIL. Take no other, for we WARRANT IT TO CURE. It is not a strong ammonia preparation, but a soothing compound, made from Pure Vegetable Oils, Herbs and Extracts, and is clean and safe to use. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.
PRICE, 50 CENTS.
McCLURE & EATON, Proprietors, Reading, Pa.

Just Arrived.
Just Arrived.
Call and See
Call and See
WOLF'S
Magnificent Stock of New Goods.
Come and get Bargains.
Assortment full and complete.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Hardware, Ready-made Clothing, and thousands of other articles

LAND AT PRIVATE SALE.
A lot of land, lying in Gregg township, on the banks of Penns creek, between Penn Hall and Spring Mills, is offered at private sale. It adjoins lands of Geo. Buchanan and L. B. M'Intire, containing 24 ACRES more or less. About 8 acres consist of first class white pine timber, the balance cleared and under cultivation—5 acres are meadow.
For further particulars apply to C. H. HENNICK, Gregg twp.
13oct.tf

A. SUSSMAN
LEATHER & SHOE FINDING.
in lower room, No. 1. Bush's block, where he keeps on hand a stock of WHITE and RED LEATHER and HARNESS.
Kips and Calf Skins
French and City Finish.
STRING LEATHER, SHOE-FINDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Raw Hides BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Trunks and Valises OF ALL KINDS.
RAW FURS, of all kinds bought and highest price paid.
Clover and Timothy Seed
always bought and on hands. WHEAT and OATS specially bought and the highest Cash price paid.
Go to Sussman's, there you can buy cheaper than elsewhere, as everybody knows, who ever dealt with him. He lets no one off without a good bargain.
Next door to Sussman's is the cheap dry goods establishment of Isaac Guggenheimer. ap5.tf.

ADAM HILD,
PAINTER, MILROY, PA.,
offers his services to the citizens of Mifflin and Centre counties, in
House, Sign and Ornamenatal Painting.
Graining and Paper Hanging.
Orders respectfully solicited, satisfaction guaranteed, or no pay. June 7th .y.

RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
The proprietor of Rynder's Music Store desires to call the attention of the people of Centre county, to the fact that they
Can Save Money
by purchasing their musical instruments at Rynder's Music Store. We are selling
Double Reed, Six Stop, Five Octavo Organs, at $140,
(superior in tone and finish, to those that are hawked and peddled throughout the country at $175 to $200.) These we warrant for five years. We give any reasonable credit desired to responsible parties.
We beg leave to call your attention to the following instruments, sold in Pennsvalley this year, which you would do well to examine before purchasing elsewhere:
CENTRE HALL.
S. S. WOLF, Rynder Organ.......... $225.00
WM. GALBRAITH, Rynder Organ.......... 140.00
LEMONT.
DR. J. Y. DALE, American Organ.......... $375.00
PETER SCHRECK, Rynder Organ.......... 140.00
AARONSBURG.
WM. ETTINGER, Rynder Organ.......... $240.00
BOALSBURG.
MISS E. E. HUNTER, Melodion.......... $130.00
In a few weeks we will call attention to our
PIANO DEPARTMENT.
In short by writing a letter to us and getting our prices—we deliver all instruments—
You Can Save From $40 to $60 on an Organ.
Address, RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE, Lock Haven, Pa.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
C. D. KELLER,
BISHOP STREET BELLEFONTE, PENNA,
is now prepared, at the Old Stand on Bishop Street, to sell
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Boots, Shoes, Carpets,
CEDAR AND WILLOW WARE, &C., &C,
at greatly reduced prices. He is also prepared to purchase
ALL KINDS OF GRAIN!
FOR WHICH HE WILL PAY THE
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE!
CASH PURCHASERS WILL FIND SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS THERE
apr.19tf. C. D. KELLER

I. Guggenheimer.
NEW ARRANGEMENT!
ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer, except the Leather and Shoe-findings, has filled up his shelves with a lot of
SPLENDID NEW GOODS,
embracing
READY MADE CLOTHING,
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
and is now prepared to accomodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with their patronage. He feels safe in saying that he can please the most fastidious Call and see.
ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER.
P. S.—Mr. Sussman still continues to deal in LEATHER AND SHOE-FINDINGS, CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEEDS, in the old room, where he may alway be found. 12ap.tf.

COAL,
LIME,
and POWDER!
COAL.—Wilkesbarre Coal, Chestnut Stove, Egg, furnace and foundry, Coal—of best quality, at the lowest prices. Customers will please note that our coal is housed under commodious sheds.
LIME—Wood or coal-burnt Lime, for sale at our kilns, on the pike leading to Milesburg.
POWDER.—Having received the agency for Du Pont's Powder AT WHOLESALE, we shall be pleased to receive orders from the trade.
Office and yard near south end of Bald Eagle Valley R. R. Depot, Bellefonte, Pa.
nov4 SHORTLIDGE & CO.

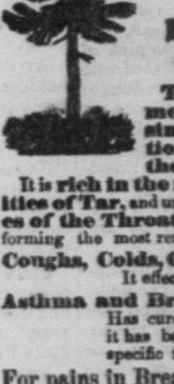
WANTED. We will give energetic men and women
BUSINESS THAT WILL PAY
from $4 to $8 per day, can be pursued at your own homes, and is strictly honorable. Send for samples that will enable you to go to work at once.
Address J. LATHAM & CO., 292 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
June 7. 5t

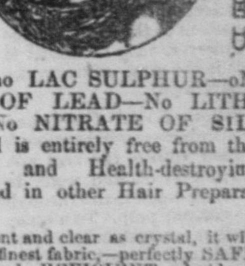
BUTTS HOUSE
BELLEFONTE, PA.
J. B. BUTTS, Prop'r.
Has first class accommodation; charges reasonable. 19apr, tf.

WAR! WAR!
On High Prices.
GREAT EXCITEMENT.
H. R. SMITH, of Potters Mills.
NEW GOODS!
We would most respectfully infrom his friends, customers, and the public generally, that he has taken possession of Thompson's old quarters, which have been remodeled and improved, and is now prepared to accommodate all who may favor him by calling.
NEW GOODS!
He has just received one of the largest stocks of all kinds of Merchandize ever brought to Centre county, which he intends to sell at such figures as will make it an object for all persons to purchase. Families laying in winter supplies of Groceries, Dry Goods, &c., should not fail to give him a call, as he feels confident his prices and superior quality of goods will amply satisfy all. His stock of
GROCERIES
consists of Coffees of the best quality, Teas, Sugars of all kinds, Molasses, Fish, Salt, Cheese, Dried Fruit, Spices, Provisions, Flour and Feed, &c., &c. Our stock of
DRYGOODS
is large and varied, and we will just say can supply any article in that line, without enumerating.
READYMADECLOTHING
a large stock of ready-made Clothing for Men and Boys' wear, which we will dispose of at a very small advance on cost.
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hardware, Queensware, Wood and Willow Ware, Notions, Fancy Goods, Carpets, Oil-cloths, Wall Papers, Window Shades, &c., oct28.1y.

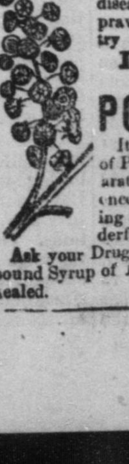

Graham & Son,
Boot & Shoe Makers
Next door to D C Keller's Store Bellefonte.
We manufacture to order.
Our work is neat and durable.
Our prices are very moderate.
We warrant to give satisfaction.
We have the LARGEST and BEST stock of Ladie's and Children's shoes in town.
We are receiving goods every week.
We wish an examination of our goods.
The Pennsvalley trade is especially invited to call and see our stock, we think we can please all who call as to style, quality, and prices. We study to render satisfaction, and although we have had an extended trade for years, we have never given a customer cause to complain. sept15.tf.

LIGHTNING SAWS
at Manufacturers prices. For sale by
W. J. M'MANIGAL, Milroy.
may 31.3m

Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar.

10 YEARS —OF A— Public Test Has proved DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR To have more merit than any similar preparation ever offered the public.
It is rich in the medicinal qualities of Tar, and unequaled for diseases of the Throat and Lungs, performing the most remarkable cures.
Coughs, Colds, Chronic Coughs. It effectually cures them all.
Asthma and Bronchitis. Has cured so many cases it has been pronounced a specific for these complaints.
For pains in Breast, Side or Back, Gravel or Kidney Disease, Diseases of the Urinary Organs, Jaundice or any Liver Complaint, It has no equal.
It is also a superior Tonic, Restores the Appetite, Strengthens the System, Restores the Weak and Debilitated, Causes the Food to Digest, Removes Dyspepsia and Indigestion, Prevents Malarious Fevers, Gives tone to your System.
TRY DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

NATURE'S Hair Restorative

TRADE MARK. PATENTED.
Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.
Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE CLEAN and EFFICIENT.—desideratums LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!
It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headaches, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.
DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTER BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE, and take no other.
Send two three cent stamps to Procter Brothers for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $500,00 to any person. 1sep.1y
For sale at Centre Hall by Wm. Wolf and Herlacher & Crouniller.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored
Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY, and FITS, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.
Price in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents.
The celebrated author, in this admirable essay clearly demonstrates, from a thirty year's successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.
This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, postpaid, on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps.
Also, Dr. Culverwell's "Marriage Guide," price 25 cents.
Address the publishers, CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO., 127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box 4,586. april9.1y.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

For Scrofula, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form.
Any disease or eruption of the Skin, disease of the Liver, Rheumatism, Pimples, Old Sores, Ulcers, Broken-down Constitutions, Syphilis, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood try
DR. CROOK'S SYRUP OF POKE ROOT.
It has the medicinal property of Poke combined with a preparation of Iron which goes at once into the blood, performing the most rapid and wonderful cures.
Ask your Druggist for Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Poke Root—take it and be healed.

Flower and Fruit.

"How lovely," said Amelia Jane—
Delight her face illuming,
As on they wandered down the lane—
"The fruit trees in full blooming!

"How sad that they should fade so soon,
And shed their petals snowy;
Would they might last through May and June,
They're so uncommon showy!"

"Amelia Jane," her love replied,
"The notion's foolish—very!
We should not get, did blooms abide,
Our apple, pear, or cherry.

"And so about their swift decline
I am not a regretter,
For though the blossom may be fine,
I guess the plums are better."

Farm, Garden and Household.

TO PREVENT HENS BREAKING EGGS BEFORE LAYING.—Feed boiled wheat and pulverized egg shells, and keep coal ashes where the hens run.

A *Prairie Farmer* correspondent finds a cure for striped bug in paris-green and calcined plaster, in the proportion of one of the former to fifteen of the latter.

The Maine farmer who, tempted by high prices, disposed of part of his hay last Fall, and "economized" to make up the deficiency, has just sold 17 hides.

Joseph S. Howe says that one of the chief hindrances to agricultural progress is the reluctance farmers feel toward giving the public the benefit of their experience, either by writing or by speech.

A correspondent of *Moore's Rural* kept 14 calves in stanchions one Winter, and found their horns "standing in all directions." Now he either ties them with a rope or lets them go loose in the pen.

TURN LAMBS INTO CORN FIELDS.—Tell your subscribers to turn the lambs into the corn field on taking them from the ewes. They will do the corn no injury, and find there plenty of the best of food. I never saw lambs do as well as when treated in that way.

SUGAR BEETS FOR SWINE.—A writer in the Practical Farmer says that he finds the sugar beet very good to fatten his hogs with. He begins with the beets and finishes off on corn. As the result of his experience, he found that his hogs fattened earlier, with a material saving of corn.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Warm two and a half tablespoonfuls of butter, stir in a teacup of white sugar and two eggs. Put two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar in one pint of flour, add a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cup of milk; flavor with lemon or vanilla. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven, and serve hot with rich hot sauce.

CURE FOR WHISTLING IN HORSES.—I have tried the following, and cured a horse that whistled badly. The recipe was furnished me by a skilled horseman. Put from 10 to 20 drops of *spongia tosta* on the tongue of the animal in the morning; and at night the same proportion of Fowler's Solution, in the same manner. Repeat alternately from four to six weeks, giving more or less according to the severity of the case.

MORNING BISCUITS.—One quart of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of yeast, and one pint of sour milk, with half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it. Work this into a dough; then rub into the dough half a cup of butter. Knead well; cut off small bits; shape them into biscuits; lay them in the bake pan, cover closely with a bread-cloth, and let them stand over night, in a warm place in the winter, and a cold place in the summer. Bake in the morning for breakfast.

BREAD PUDDING.—One pint of fine bread crumbs, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, half a pound suet chopped fine, one coffee-cup raisins, half a rind of preserved orange-peel or citron cut thin and fine, a very little nutmeg and cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one small teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful of salt. Stir in milk enough to make it thick as pound-cake; beating all thoroughly together; put it into a buttered pudding mould, and boil three hours. Be careful to keep the water boiling all the time.

SWINE.—No pig *can* grow rapidly on poor food. A well-bred pig will grow rapidly on good food—a poor-bred pig will not; and this is the real essential difference between them. If you starve both, the well-bred pig is no better than the other. Let young pigs have all they will eat and digest. See that they have access to fresh water. They may not drink much, but it should always be provided for them, no matter how sloppy their food may be. Provide ashes, salt, sulphur and charcoal. See that the pens and troughs are kept clean.

TO PREPARE RHUBARB FOR PIES OR TARTS.—Cut the stalks from the plant, ridding them of their leaves. With a knife scrape off the outer skin, and cut transversely into little pieces, being sure to remove any fibres that adhere, just as you do in stringing beans. To each pound of this substitute for fruit allow half a pound of sugar if for immediate use, one pound if designed to keep as preserve. The addition of a little grated lemon rind is esteemed by most persons a great improvement to the flavor. Spice of any kind, however, may be added if fancied. This is the most common use to which rhubarb is put.

MOCK GOOSEBERRY-FOOL.—Cut up and scrape as much rhubarb as will be enough to half fill a glass bowl of the size you wish to use. Stew in enough water to cover it well. When tender, rub through a colander to a smooth pulp. To a quart of the fruit, well sweetened and flavored with lemon peel, add a quart of sweet cream, stirred smoothly in till well mixed. Heap the bowl up high with whipped syllabub. If you have no cream, substitute a quart of custard, made with the yolks of six eggs. In place of the syllabub, use the whisked whites of the six eggs, sweetened with six tablespoonfuls of fine white sugar, and brown the top slightly with a hot salamander or clean shovel.

HELPING OUT THE HAY CROP.—The present drouth, says the *Tribune*, will have a serious effect on the pasture-fields and meadows, and will without doubt considerably lessen the yield of hay. Although sufficient rain may fall hereafter, it will be too late to materially affect the hay crop. Meadows are now suffering from the effects of the dry weather of last year and the past severe winter, so that the probability is against even a yield equal to the short crop of last season. Therefore it is absolutely necessary that provision be made for a supply of fodder to carry stock through next winter. The first resource for the farmer is to plant corn. The crop, with good cultivation, will thrive in a hot, dry season better than any other, so easily raised, and it is a question readily solved whether a poor meadow, which at the best may yield half a ton of hay per acre next month, had not better be plowed up and prepared for a crop of corn fodder, which will certainly produce two to four, and possibly five or six tuns of feed, equal to average hay. A sod turned down before the 20th day of June may be relied upon for this yield, and may be cleared in time to prepare for a crop of winter wheat to be sown in September.

ROOT FOOD FOR DAIRY STOCK.—In an address to the Little Falls Farmers' Club, Harris Lewis called the attention to some recent experiences of his in raising and feeding beets. $48 per acre covered the expense of seed, planting, cultivation, and harvesting, and the yield was 900 bushels, so that the roots cost about 5¼ cents a bushel, or not more than 7½ cents allowing for value of manure, interest on land, &c. Yellow globes and imperial beets were grown on a part of the same field the year previous, at an expense of about $70 per acre, yet the yeld was so much greater that the cost of the roots was about two cents per bushel less than the cost of the last season's crop. The speaker advocated feeding cattle a regular portion of roots each day, the whole time they are confined from pasture in cold weather, as preferable to partial feeding, as, for example, omitting roots while cows are dry at midwinter. He expressed the belief, as the result of experiment, that beets are actually worth from 13 to 24 cents per bushel for feeding cows, as compared with hay at $20 a tun—the lowest of these estimates affording an ample profit on the cost of cultivation; but he thought the consequential advantage even greater still, in "increased usefulness during the entire season," lessened liability to disease, &c., and in the improvement of the butter and cheese which the milk produces. In support of this last assertion, Mr. L. stated that at his request the managers of the factory in his neighborhood made two tests of the milk of all their patrons this spring for the express purpose of determining the relative quality of milk produced by cows fed with hay and roots and those fed with hay and grain, and concluded that beets are as good, if not better, for the production of rich milk than grain. In conclusion, Mr. Lewis said that, after carefully looking at the subject in all its bearings, he had come to the conclusion that beets for cattle food are well worth full as many cents per bushel, as good hay is worth dollars per ton, and that the average cost per bushel, when stored in the cellar, with every item of expense included does not exceed eight cents per bushel. Now, as the price of hay in Central New York will probably average at least $10 per ton or over, for the next decade, there cannot be any risk in growing beets for dairy stock. To convince themselves, if they are still undecided, dairymen and other farmers should put in a small piece each year and carefully note the results.

Items of Interest.

A BOY in Illinois fired his arrow at a grindstone, and it rebounded and put his eye out.

MILLIONS of pigeons fly about in Wisconsin, producing a roar that is described as "terrible."

THE Rev. Dr. Huston, of Baltimore, has been acquitted of all the charges preferred against him.

SEVERAL of the Boston papers have reduced their price and some have increased their size.

THE strike of the builders in London is becoming general, and building operations are seriously delayed.

THREE of the firemen injured at Bevier's, Rochester, have died. The other three are in a critical condition.

IN Paris M. Paul de Cassagnac fought a duel with M. Lecroy, editor of the *Rappel*. The latter was slightly wounded.

THE finest game of the season in base ball was played in Williamsburg, the Mutuals defeating the Athletics by a score of 3 to 2.

THE preliminary examinations, seven in number, of Marshal Bazaine, have been completed under the direction of General Lariviere.

AN English lady in the City of Birmingham has been made to pay a fine of £20 for giving an undeserved "recommendation" to a discharged domestic.

BEFORE his death and at the request of James Gordon Bennett, Archbishop McCloskey visited his bedside administered to him the last sacraments of the Church.

A PETITION, signed by thirty-two of the Irish members of Parliament, praying for the release of the Fenian prisoners, has been refused by the English government.

AT the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, held at Milwaukee, Mr. Alex. Mitchell was unanimously elected President.

JAMES HANEY has been sentenced to be hung in Yancy county, S. C., on the 21st of July. There is probably a mistake somewhere, as the 21st of July falls on Sunday.

JOHN ROSE, a Canadian, convicted of committing a rape on a girl eleven years old, was sentenced in Buffalo, to twenty years' imprisonment in the Auburn State Prison.

NINE steamers left New York in one day for Europe, the largest number that ever started hence for the Old World in one day. All of these were crowded with passengers.

THE revolutionists have forced twenty-four merchants, all wealthy citizens of Monterey, to work in the trenches because they refuse to pay $80,000 demanded of them as a loan.

THE Asiatic cholera has come to New York. The French gunboat Terror, with forty cases of the cholera on board, arrived at that port and was immediately ordered to the open ocean.

RECENT information received in Washington from Spain, strengthens the belief that Dr. Houard will soon be restored to liberty in accordance with the request of the U. S. government.

THE Supreme Court of Florida, decided W. D. Blosham, to have been elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State in 1870, he having received the largest number of votes cast at the election then held.

GEN. SCHENCK telegraphed to the Secretary of State that the treaty is saved, and that the English government would accept his pledge, given in writing, that the indirect claims were abandoned by the American government.

THE conference committee on the Tariff and Tax bill have agreed on their report. They place whisky at 70 cents, which covers everything except the 10 cent stamp on the barrel for the rectifier, and fix a uniform tax on tobacco of 20 cents.

THE Methodist Book Concern troubles, which have been before the Church and the country in one form or another for the last three and a half years, have been settled, and, probably, in the manner most satisfactory and just to all the parties concerned.

IN the New York spring races the Fordham Handicap, a dash of one mile and a quarter, was won by Ortolan; the Belmont stake for three-year olds was won by Joe Daniels; the dash three-quarters of a mile, for a purse of $40 was won by Alarm, and the stepple-chase was won by Tammany.

GENERAL HOWARD telegraphs Secretary Delano that a peace has been negotiated with the Indians, by which the latter solemly engage to indulge in no more raids, and further pledge themselves to "look up" the hostile and incorrigible Apache braves. General Howard regards success as sure now.

CAR DRIVERS' STRIKE.—The strike in New York having reached all the trades, finally touched the street car drivers. The drivers say they are obliged often to work eighteen and nineteen hours owing to the roads being blocked. The lines are in communication and feel satisfied that drivers will co-operate in the movement. The conductors are subscribing largely toward the fund. These men receive $2,25 for fifteen hours, and on all the lines the men are ready to strike. On the Eight Avenue cars the drivers receive $2,25 for fourteen hours' work, and on the Fourth and Madison avenue $2 for sixteen hours. The men all complain. There will be a general uprising, and the men from the iron-works are to give assistance. On Eight Avenue the men look for twelve hours and $3 per day.

ANXIOUS TO BE HANGED.—There is an old man named Jeremiah Collins, in prison at Albany, under sentence of death for the murder of his wife. Unlike most culprits similarly situated, he insists on the execution of his sentence. He insists upon it that his wife deserved to be killed, and at the same time seems to think that he ought to be hanged. He objects to any commutation of his sentence, and expresses dissatisfaction with Gov. Hoffman for postponing his execution a few weeks. He was originally sentenced to be hanged on the 18th of May, but he Governor respited him to the 15th of July. When he was sentenced he requested the Judge to make the time as short as possible.

A California newspaper prints the following touching obituary: "Philip Hanscomb was driving a team loaded with powder up the Sierra Nevada mountains. One of the kegs dropped from the wagon. The Sierras stood it well enough, but the miners who came from a neighboring ranch were unable to find Mr. Hanscomb or the team.

A Faithful Fellow.

I heard a story that exceeds anything of the kind I have ever known, says a correspondent writing from New York. By the way, did you ever hear of Martel, the Creole hair-dresser, who once flourished in New York? Well, he had a great reputation among the aristocracy and was consulted by the first ladies, not only in regard to coiffure, but to dress. No bride was considered ready for the alter until Martel had pronounced sentence upon her appearance. When he fell sick, and was dying, these fair patrons would alight from their carriages to enquire in person for his health, and when permitted, would enter his sick room and nurse him. But this is the remarkable story: During the Santo Domingo revolution some years ago, a slave, named Toussaint escaped from that island with his mistress, and went to France. From France they came to New York, arriving here in a most impoverished condition. Toussaint found, after considerable search, two very cheap and poor rooms, in which he installed his mistress and child, and for the first few days he begged for their support. Then he made arrangements to go from house to house on certain hours in the capacity of barber to gentlemen. As he made his way in his art, he opened a barber shop, which soon became one of first-class resort. As he flourished in business the condition of the woman and child improved in proportion. The latter, a girl, was well educated, and being possessed of great beauty and winning ways married a very wealthy man of the name of Kouger. After a time the mother died. Toussaint, who had little faith in anything American, invested his earnings in France, and he too soon after died. Before dying, however, he willed his fortune to the daughter of his beloved mistress. A few years later Mr. Kouger failed in business and died, leaving his wife and children penniless, except for the Toussaint legacy. The bereaved family parted with their home and household idols in New York and removed to a little New England village, where they now reside, supported by the interest of $20,000, which they regularly receive in gold from France.

A NOVEL IDEA.—During the building of the foundation and basement of the new United States Post Office and Court House in the City Hall Park, New York, Superintendent Hulburd, in view of the projected underground railways which were to terminate near by, suggested to Supervising Architect Mullett such alterations as would enable cars containing the mails to enter without necessitating any expensive alterations in the future. This was done. Engineer Buckhout, who has charge of the construction of the Underground Railroad, waited upon Superintendent Hulburd to ascertain whether some measures could not be perfected whereby, on the completion of the new road, the mail cars of the various lines could be tranferred by a continuous rail into the basement of the new Post Office. Mr. Buckhout was invited to make an inspection of the premises, and the fact was developed that rails can be laid so as to connect on the same grade and level with the underground road and the basement of the building, by a tunnel under the street which fronts the northerly face of the new Post Office. This can be done at comparatively trifling expense. The work on the Underground Railroad is to be begun soon, and it has been determined that the depot of the road shall be connected, as indicated above, so that the mail cars may be switched into the Post Office basement and returned by another track.—*Sun.*

SAD ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—The Salem *Press* tells the sad story of a poor, but too ambitious, girl. She was the daughter of a mechanic who removed from Troy to Salem about forty years ago, and being handsome and intelligent, she soon won the hearts of all the boys in the village. But she was proud, she wanted fine clothes and riches, she repaid the love of the young men with coldness and indifference. At last one conquered her pride, won her love and her consent to their union. Now the demon entered in the form of a wealthy man from New York, who soon succeeded in turning her head and inducing her to elope with him to Albany, where they were married. For a few months all was bright and happy, and the simple country maiden lived a life of ease and enjoyment. One day the husband left her side never to return. Then she fell; subsequently she was reclaimed through the efforts of a Magdalen society, and she became matron of a female reformatory institution. She died a few weeks since. The young man to whom she was engaged was buried only a few years since in one of the grave yards of Salem. He never afterward married, and never ceased to mourn for his early love.

THE FARMER.—According to the report of the Massachusetts Bureau of statistics, very few farmers in Massachusetts are making more than a living out of their farms. The average wages of agricultural laborers per month, with board, is $27.52—without board, $44.82; of women, with board, $12.17—without board, 26,39. These women usually do household and dairy work, though in some localities women are employed in light field labor. The laborers hired for the season work ten hours from April to November, and eight the rest of the year, besides doing the chores at the barn. Very few native Americans are now hired as farm laborers; there are fifty per cent of Irish, fifteen of French Canadians, ten Nova Scotians, five of Germans, and twenty of natives.

FISHING.—A youth of Pennsylvania had for a friend somebody's sister, who was the fortunate possessor of six gold fish. With the permission of his charmer" he went trout fishing a few days since and caught a fish of that species which weighed a little over a pound. He preserved it alive, thinking it would be a nice engagement present, as well as companion for the gold-fish. On returning home he hurried to the house of his would-be father-in-law and deposited his prize in the aquarium "on the quiet," in order that it might be a pleasant surprise to his affianced. The surprise was more than complete, for the trout swallowed all the gold-fish and then calmly turned over on its dorsal fin and died of indigestion. The young lady has disehared her lover. Let all young men take a seasonable warning.

FATALITY.—In Chicago, on Saturday, at an early hour, the body of a man was seen hanging from a small window of a barn in the rear of a residence. Upon examination it was found that the deceased was Frand Barbier, brother of the owner of the place, with whom he resided. He had attempted to get into the barn through the window, and got fastened in so that he was unable to extricate himself, and was literally bitten to death by a horse that stood to the rear of him.

A Buffalo pastor in the course of his sermon lately, stated that the fact had come to his knowledge of a child but three years old being received into the orphan asylum in that city, who was afterward found to be suffering from nothing less than *delirium tremens*. The mother of the child was a most intemperate woman, and had actually fed her offspring from the whisky bottle.

It is stated in the report of the prison association, lately issued, that of fourteen thousand five hundred and ninety-six prisoners confined in the penitentiaries of thirty States, in 1860, seventy-seven per cent., or over ten thousand of the number, had never learned a trade. The fact conveys a lesson of profound interest to those who have in charge the training of boys, and girls, too, for the active duties of life.

WILLING TO PLEASE.—Mistress (to lazy housemaid.)—"Now Mary, you know I'm going to give a ball to-morrow night, and I shall expect you to bestir yourself, and make yourself generally useful." Mary.—"Yes M'm. But I'm sorry to say, M'm, I can't dance!"

An Illinois town has two doctors who are young women. A great many other towns have that many doctors who are old women.

A Sanguinary History.

The Abbe Sierocinski was, before the Polish Revolution of 1831, superior of the Convent of Basilians at Ovrens, in Volhynia. Having taken an active part in those insurrectionary movements, he was incorporated in a cossack regiment and despatched to serve in Siberia, where the ex-abbe might often be seen galloping on a small wild pony, spear in hand. A professor being required for the military school in Armsk, Sierocinski, who wrote Latin and Greek verses, who could deliver lectures in French and German, and who would readily solve the most abstruse problems in algebra and Euclid, was nominated to the vacant post, whilst he was retained in the regimental roll-call. The abbe, though physically delicate and sensitive like a woman, was mentally a Napoleon in enterprise. He organized a vast conspiracy, in which convicts, soldiers and officers participated. Prussians, Tartars, Siberians and Kirghiz entered into his plans. A general revolt was to take place. The conspirators were to have seized the fortress; commencing by possessing themselves of the whole park of artillery, and then to wait for events. In case of reverses, they were to march on Bokhara on their way to British East India.

On the eve of the rising, two of the conspirators revealed all to the Governor, whether through hopes of reward, or because their hearts failed them, we cannot say. Innumerable arrests were made. Three consecutive commissioners in vain endeavored to unravel the intricate threads of the combination. Eventually, Sierocinski and five of the leaders were condemned to seven thousands blows each of the rod. A thousand other men were sentenced to minor punishments, beginning from two thousand blows to transportation with hard labor.

In March, 1937, two battalions were drawn up in the great square of Armsk, under the orders of General Galafejew, the cruel servant of a cruel master. Sierocinski and his companions were brought out, and the judgment was read aloud, the words "without mercy," which it contained, being especially emphasized. The culprits were stripped to the waist, and their hands were tied behind to a bayonet. Each one by turns walked along the whole of one battalion, every soldier administering to him a blow with a rod with full strength. A thousand blows fell, and then each miserable, torn, bleeding victim was sent back to receive another thousand. On the third journey they all fell dead. Sierocinski had been kept until the last, that he might behold the tortures suffered by his friends. A military surgeon tendered him a small vial, containing some drops of cordial, which he refused, crying—"I want not your drops. Take my blood and drink it!" He started on his fearful journey, singing, *Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam*, and his wild accents were gradually lost in the loud thud of the sticks striking his bare flesh, and in the loud words of command of the general shouting, "Strike harder! strike harder!" When Sierocinski received the first thousand blows he fell fainting, his blood dripping on the snow. He was placed upright on a sledge, and tied so as to expose his back to the full weight of the descending rods. The unhappy man continued to groan until he was dragged four times before the battalion. He then became silent. The last three thousand blows fell on a corpse.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

TOO MUCH.—General John B. Rose, of Indiana, a veteran of the last war with England, has had great difficulty in getting his pension, because when a soldier he was too full of fight. The general was a lieutenant at the battle of Plattsburg, and his company, at the head of the regiment, moving in column, were to turn a street corner and go under fire. His captain hesitated, and Rose, with his division of the company, moved around and took the lead. His superior afterwards accused him of insubordination, upon which he retorted with a charge of cowardice. A duel was the result, in which both antagonists were wounded, and for fighting this duel the Secretary of War struck the names of both officers from the rolls. In his old age General Rose came to poverty, and applied for a pension on account of his military services. This could not be granted by the Pension Office on account of his dismissal from the service; but the Committee on Pensions have reported a bill intended for his relief, through which the old gentleman will probably get his money.

A SMART BOY.—The Detroit *Free Press* mourns the loss of a smart boy in this manner: The public will regret to learn that the family of James Otis, Porter street, is to remove to Saginaw, taking young Johnny along. The boy started out two years ago by shooting himself. Two months after he choked himself with a fishbone. A few days after he built a fire in the barn and called out the steamers. He then swallowed a top, got run over by an ice wagon, fell into the river, was lost for three days, and first and last he has been a fountain of local news, whose value can not be estimated on a slate four feet square. If the Saginaw reporters only commence on him right he will "pan out" at least three times per week. He should be furnished with a box of matches, a horse pistol, and plenty of gunpowder, and it won't do any harm to pat him on the back occasionally and tell him that his efforts are appreciated.

A NEW CURE FOR BEGGING.—One of the petty kings in India has proved himself to be a shrewd statesman. He has been troubled by a swarm of beggars in his kingdom, and idleness was rapidly increasing. The evil was so alarming that he resorted to strong measures to cure it. He ordered that all paupers found begging should at once be compelled to learn to read and write. The law operates well in two ways. Some of the most worthless idlers prefer a little easy work to study, and they take to some kinds of labor to escape begging and its penalty. Others are glad of the opportunity of an education, and they make intelligent and skilful laborers. The King, in his anxiety to promote education, has also ordered that the families who cannot well spare their children for school on account of poverty shall receive a certain allowance from the State. Light is evidently spreading in India.

THE LAKE CUTTERS.—Governments are unlike individuals in one particular at least—if they want to buy anything they pay a big price for it; but if they want to sell, somebody else makes the bargain. This is particularly illustrated in the case of Uncle Sam and his lake revenue cutters. A few years ago Uncle Sam wanted six of these and they were built at an expense of about two hundred thousand dollars, each. They looked fine and sailed well, but they were thrown together of green timber and odds and ends, and to-day while two have been condemned, the others are declared rotten and so really unseaworthy that it is doubtful if they last the season out. The same boats built for individuals would have been to-day comparatively as good as new. Now they will be sold and no doubt at less figures than their engines, superb affairs, are actually worth, and iron boats must be built to take their places.

THE NEW CHICAGO.—Spite of the terrible affliction experienced a few months since by Chicago, her population is larger by several thousand than a year ago. It was claimed in April that full fifteen per cent of the burnt portion of the city had been restored, and the papers now tell us that at least thirty per cent. has been rebuilt. At that rate, by the first of next January the greater part of destroyed Chicago will be restored. And not only restored. It will be much grander, much more healthful, and much better adapted to the necessities of trade and home life. Mean wooden buildings which defaced the principal streets will be replaced by magnificent blocks of brick and marble, and improvements which were imperatively needed but which would have been postponed for years, will now be made. After all, *was* the Chicago fire a chastening or a disaster?

A man in Kansas lately rode twelve miles after being bitten by a rattlesnake before he could get medical assistance. He did it in less than an hour and his life was saved.

The Tariff Bill.

The new tariff bill, of the United States, comprises the following changes, to go into effect the 1st of August:

Salt in bulk, 8c. per 100 lbs.; salt in bags, 12c. per 100 lbs.

Bituminous coal, 75c. per ton.

Oatmeal, ½c. per lb.

Potatoes, 10c. per bushel.

Sole leather, 15 per cent.; calfskins, tanned or dressed, 25 per cent.; upper leather of all kinds, 25 per cent.; morocco skins tanned, 10 per cent.

Chiccory root, 1c. per lb.

Timber, squared, 1c. per cubic foot; sawed boards, plank, deals, and other lumber of hemlock, white wood, sycamore, and bass-wood, $1 per 1,000 feet board measure; all other wood and sawed lumber, 50c. per 1,000 feet.

Hubs, posts, last blocks, wagon blocks, oar blocks, heading blocks, &c., 20 per cent.; pickets and palings, 20 per cent.; laths, 15c. per 1,000; shingles, 35c. per 1,000; pine clapboards, $1.50 per 1,000.

House and cabinet furniture, 30 per cent.

Casks and barrels, empty, sugar box shooks, and packing cases, 30 per cent.

Fruit, shade, and lawn trees, 20 per cent; garden seeds for agriculture and horticultural purposes, 20 per cent.

Ginger, ground, 3c. per lb.; ginger, preserved, 35 per cent.; ginger essence, 35 per cent.

Chocolate and cocoa, prepared, 2c. per lb.

On all wool and manufactures of wool, 90 per cent. on existing duties.

On all manufactures of cotton, 90 per cent. on existing duties.

On all iron, steel, copper, and all other metals and the manufactures thereof, 90 per cent. on existing duties.

Printing paper, sized, 25 per cent.

On manufactures of india-rubber, leather goods, glassware, and unwrought pipe-clay, 90 per cent. on existing duties.

On cotton bagging and gunny cloth, valued at less than 7c. per square yard, 1¼c. per lb.; over 7c. per square yard, 2¼c. per lb.

On insulators, 25 per cent.

Emery ore, $6 per ton.

On corks, 30 per cent.

On camphor, crude, 15c. per lb.

Chlorate of potash, 3c. per lb.

Rochelle salts, 5c. per lb.

Soda ash, $3 per ton; sal soda, $3 per ton.

On santonine, $3 per lb.

On strychnia, $1 per lb.

On bay rum, $1 per gallon.

On rum essence or oil, 50c. per ounce; on vermouth, same duty as on wine.

Mustard, ground, 10c. per lb.

Zante currants, 1c. per lb.

Prunes, 1c. per lb.

Figs, 1½c. per lb.

Raisins, 2½c. per lb.

Dates, 1c. per lb.

Preserved milk, 25 per cent.

On tin plates, terne, and tagger's tin, 60 per cent.

Galvanized iron, 2c. per lb.

Umbrella frames, sticks and runners, 15 per cent.; silk and alpaca umbrellas, 45 per cent.

Saltpetre, crude, 1½c. per lb.; saltpetre, refined, 2c. per lb.

The Fisheries.

Samuel Collins, one of the charterers and crew of the fishing schooner Euola C., of Gloucester, seized in Trinity Bay by the cutter Stella Maria, for alleged illegal fishing, arrived at Gloucester recently, and has sworn to an affidavit of the particulars of the seizure, before Collector Babson, of that port, which has been forwarded to the proper authorities at Washington. The affidavit sets forth the following facts:

That the Euola C. was at anchor, was not fishing, and had not been fishing in shore; that she was boarded by the Captain of the cutter Stella Maria, who engaged in friendly conversation; that Capt. Cunningham asked the Captain of the cutter in regard to the treaty, as he would not fish in shore until assured that he had a right to do so; that the Captain of the cutter replied that the treaty had passed Parliament by a large majority, and that in his opinion there would be no trouble in fishing in shore; that the Captain of the cutter said his was not a revenue vessel, but a light-house tender, and had nothing to do with the fisheries; that some of the crew, boarding the cutter, asked what a brass gun was for on board a light-house vessel, and were told that it was to be put on Bird Rock as a signal gun; that, acting on these assurances, the Euola C. proceeded to fish, and the next day the Captain of the cutter came down stream and laid in ambush, as he afterward informed them, from noon until 6 o'clock in the evening, waiting for the wind to die away, so that the schooner could not escape, when, with three Indians and seven white men, all armed, he came alongside and boarded the schooner; that he then read his commission and took charge of the vessel, ordering one of his men to the wheel; that, when charged with his duplicity by Capt. Cunningham, he replied that he had no right to give Americans information; that they must look out for themselves. The schooner was taken to Father Point; telegraphs were exchanged with the authorities at Ottawa, and the schooner was towed to Quebec by the steamer Druid.

New York Dry Goods Market.

The changes which have taken place in domestic goods during the week have been few, and considering the quietude which pervades the market, fewer than could have been expected. This result has been brought about by the firmness of cotton and the continued high rates for wools, although these last have weakened somewhat.

The depreciation in wools has not had the effect of bringing buyers and sellers more closely together, but has encouraged the former in holding off transactions at high figures. Domestic shawls have suffered severely.

Domestic silks have ruled quiet.

Although prints have moved languidly throughout the week, it may be safely said that with the single exception of baggings, more has been done in this class than in any other of the domestic fabrics proportionately.

Bags.—A demand for the Western grain trade still continues.

Woolens.—Present week of styles for winter in both suitings, heavy 6-4 goods, and cassimeres, are in the hands of agents.

Fancy goods and Yankee notions have been distributed with great freedom throughout the country, but the slackness elsewhere observable has affected this department also.

Straw goods have been in fair request, but the demand has been latterly severely checked by the weather. At auction, prices have been various.

FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

Comparatively few foreign goods changed hands during the week, but their position in the market is rather improved than otherwise. Prices have at last reached that point beyond which they can scarcely be expected to recede, with high rates still ruling on the other side, and all the raw articles of produce at an unusual height.

Silks and ribbons, if not materially improved in present values, have been more inquired after in those makes or qualities which may prove useful at an advanced period of the present season, or the commencement of the fall trade.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.—A most extraordinary case is reported in the *Nazione*. A young butcher of Roquezzano, who had just reached his 20th year (prescribed for military service), was sitting recently before his shop, thinking what on earth he could do to exempt himself from paying this tribute to his country. He had not a farthing, and could not consequently pay for another to take his place. Two carbineers accosted him, telling him that the authorities had something to communicate to him. The young man obeyed at once. Several questions were addressed to him, to all of which he gave the most satisfactory answers. But when he was asked who his parents were, the poor boy blushed, for he knew nothing about them. The magistrate then said: "Well, I may tell you something about it. You are the son of a French general who died a few months ago, leaving you in the possession of £60,000, and this is the object for which I summoned you here." The astonishment of the boy at this finale, which is worthy of a romance, need hardly be mentioned.

What the U. S. Congress Did.

Among the bills passed by the late Congress which are of general interest, we note the following among the large number passed:

An act to give effect to the provisions of the Treaty of Washington, relating to British and American claims.

Relating to the limitation of steam pressure on towing freight boats on the Mississippi River and its tributaries.

To authorize the payment of duplicate checks of disbursing officers.

An act for the appointment of Representatives to Congress among the several States according to the Ninth census.

To admit certain machinery imported from foreign countries free of duty.

Making appropriations for the payment of invalid and other pensions of the United States for the year ending June 30, 1872.

To amend an act entitled "An act to provide a national currency secured by pledge of United States bonds, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved June 3, 1864.

To amend section 35 of an act entitled "An Act to reduce internal taxes, and for other purposes."

Supplementary to an act entitled "An Act to prevent the extermination of fur-bearing animals in Alaska."

To repeal the paragraphs of Schedule C of the Internal Revenue acts imposing taxes on canned meats, fish, and certain other articles.

Authorizing the survey and marking off the boundery between the territory of the United States and the possessions of Great Britain from the Lake of the Woods to the summit of the Rocky Mountains.

To amend an act to authorize protection to be given to citizens of the United States discovering deposits of guano, approved August 13, 1850.

To enable honorably-discharged soldiers and sailors, their widows, and orphan children, to acquire homesteads on the public lands of the United States.

To amend the 3d section of an act entitled "An Act to reduce internal taxes, and for other purposes," approved July 14, 1870.

Defining the rights of part owners of vessels in certain cases.

Authorizing the Secretary of War to deliver condemned ordnance to certain soldiers' monumental associations.

In relation to bounties

To amend the first section of an act entitled "An Act to provide for the disposition of useless military reservations."

Repealing the duty on tea and coffee.

For the relief of purchasers of lands sold for direct taxes in the insurrectionary States.

To perpetuate testimony in the Courts of the United States.

Authorizing an appropriation for the employment of surfmen at life-saving stations on the coast of New Jersey.

Several acts for rights of settlers on United States lands.

To promote the development of mining interests in the United States.

To amend an act approved February 28, 1871, amending an act approved May 31, 1870, entitled "An act to inforce the right of citizens of the United States to vote in the several States of this Union, and for other purposes."

To provide for furnishing trusses to disabled soldiers.

To provide for the abatement or repayment of taxes on distilled spirits, in bond, destroyed by casualty.

To establish the pay of enlisted men in the army.

To regulate criminal practice in the Federal courts.

To provide that minors shall not be enlisted in the military service of the United States without the consent of parents or guardians.

To amend an act entitled "An act to establish a uniform time for holding elections for electors of President and Vice-President for all the States." Approved Jan. 23, 1845.

Defining and limiting the appropriation of certain moneys for the preparation, issue, and reissue of the securities of the United States, and for other purposes.

To prohibit the retention of soldiers' discharges by claim agents and attorneys.

To remove political disabilities imposed by the fourteenth Article of Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

To remove the political disabilities of the persons therein named.

To authorize the appointment of shipping commissioners by the several Circuit Courts of the United States, to superintend the shipping and discharge of seamen engaged in merchant ships belonging to the United States and for the further protection of seamen.

Relative to the entry and clearance of ferry-boats and of bonded cars passing from one State to another through continuous foreign territory.

Relative to the Centennial International Exhibition to be held in the City of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania, in the year 1876.

To amend an act entitled "An Act to establish and protect National Cemeteries."

To provide for the issue of bonds in lieu of destroyed or defaced bonds of the United States.

To reduce duties on imports, and to reduce internal taxes for other purposes.

Making appropriations for the support of the Army for the year ending June 30, 1873, and for other purposes.

To reimburse United States Marshals for moneys necessarily expended by them in taking the Ninth Census, in excess of the compensation allowed them under the law in force at the time of the passage of this act.

For the better security of the bank reserves, and to facilitate bank clearing-house exchanges.

To authorize the appointment of deputies of Clerk of Circuit and District Courts.

For the completion and publication of the Medical and Surgical History of the Rebellion.

To amend an act entitled "An act to establish a uniform system of banktuptcy throughout the United States.

An Indian Speech.

Red Cloud was introduced to a meeting in New York. He nodded in reply to the applause that greeted his presentation to the audience and advanced to the front of the stage. He was attired in citizen's dress and wore a very heavy gold watch-chain. Through an interpreter he spoke as follows:

"God has given me the daytime in which to work, and I propose to work, and work well, while it is day. When God made the red man he gave him this country to live in, and when God made the white man he gave him a country to live in across the water. (Great applause.) All my forefathers have lived in this country; all my associations are connected with this country. I spent my childhood, my boyhood and my manhood here, and I hope to live and die here. My forefathers have told me that the white man was made of the same material as the red man, and I want to live in perfect friendship with every white man on the continent. (Great applause.) I came to the Great Father and told him that I wanted him to protect me in my own country, so that I can build school-houses and my own churches, and bring up our children just as you bring up your children. (Applause.) I always go when I come here first to the Great Father, but I always try to come to New York, because I understood it is a great big place. I want New York to be friendly towards me and take pity upon me and my brothers, and to help us with the work we have. When I came here I went to the Great Father who is in the White House at Washington, because I had great confidence in him. I have come to the Great Father to get encouragement in the work I am doing, and I intend to go back to my people and imitate the best qualities which the white people have shown. You can see that I have a great deal of confidence in you because I came two years ago and brought all the chiefs with me that time, and not only this time do I come myself, but all the great chiefs come too, and we are all very glad to see you. The Indians in the Western Territories are trying to do what the agent of the Great Father tells us to do, and we propose to obey him in every particular. I like all the people who are here, especially the white squaws. (Great laughter.) I want to be on good terms with all, and I want you to help us in our work to preserve the peace of the country. (Applause.) I can protect the Western country myself. There are men enough in the West to take care of themselves, and I wish the Great Father would take the military force that is out there and leave the Indians alone. (Great applause and imitative war-whoops.)

HARD ON THEM.—A correspondent writing of the late fires along the Susquehanna River, says: "Very many rattlesnakes came out from beneath hot rocks and burning gorges to die. On Laurel Hill some were seen to jump into the air in their frantic efforts to escape destruction. Some came down the mountain side, and hid beneath logs and rocks near creeks. Above Laneboro scores of the reptiles, large and small, were seen to mingle upon a rock, jump upward and run down the hill into the flames."

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—The American Agricultural Convention especially recommended the establishment of state boards of agriculture in all the states of the union in which they do not already exist.

AN OLD CLAIM SETTLED.—During the proceedings in the U.S. House of Representatives a bill was passed for the relief of an aged lady 71 years, giving her $8,000, being the amount of seven years' half pay due to her father, who served as an officer under Paul Jones in the Bon Homme Richard. Twenty-five years had been spent by her in prosecuting the claim. She was in the gallery when the announcement of the passage of the bill was made by the Speaker and waved her handkerchief with an air of triumph. Several members on the floor noticed this act began to applaud, meanwhile smiling at the lady as if to express their gratification at the result. Other members followed their example, and the general clapping of hands and laughter rang through the hall. The lady, overcome by her feelings, burst into tears and then fell upon her knees in prayer. Many hearts were made glad by the lady's success.

SENTENCED.—In the Court of Oyer and Terminer in Jersey City, Judge Bedle sentenced William H. Bumsted, late Commissioner of Public Works, to imprisonment in the State Prison at hard labor for nine months, and to stand committed until the costs of courts are paid. Bumsted was convicted of conspiracy to defraud the city. In the case of Garret Vreeland, a member of the Board of Freeholders, the court deferred sentence on account of the illness of the defendant. The Judge, however, declared that the court would require satisfactory evidence that all of Vreeland's unlawful gains had been restored before taking into consideration any mitigating circumstances.

A lady correspondent asks us if a Dolly Varden can be box plaited, whipped and gathered in a yoke, or is it best to have insertion and flounces with puffing. We think that neither way is good. Two rows of bobinette, hem stiched, and inserted with double gathered ruffles of brocade tape, with a guyset and hem stich or two at each end, and this quilted and made *en revers* in the back, with bias cuttings, double puffed, of blue organdie, running transversely across the whole, lined with point applique ticking, and fluted, would be for more stylish.

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS was unanimously nominated for Governor, and Washington Depew, of Floyd county, for Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana, by the Indiana Democratic Convention.

For the prices of *Railroad Bonds* write to CHARLES W. HASSLER, No. 8 Wall St., New York.

EXTRAORDINARY CURES.—We have read many accounts of the extraordinary cures by DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, which have seemed incredible. We are inclined to believe them, as many of those who vouch for them are persons whose veracity we can guarantee. The newspapers teem with testimonials of this character, and there is an air of particularity and of truth about them which cannot be resisted. One manifest superiority the VINEGAR BITTERS possesses over other Alterative and Tonic preparations. It contains none of the burning fluids with which most advertised Bitters are impregnated. It cannot create Fever. Instead of clouding the brain, it clears it if clouded. It is well known that Alcohol, even of the purest description, weakens and untones the stomach instead of bracing it, and is, therefore, *poison* in cases of Indigestion. Fancy, then, what must be the effect of the cheap *Fire-water* employed in making ordinary Bitters and Tinctures, on the weakened and inflamed digestive organs. VINEGAR BITTERS, on the other hand, soothes the stomach, while it increases the appetite and relaxes the bowels. Dr. Walker is a regular physician, and his remedies have just as much authority as any standard remedies of the faculty. We believe they are destined to become a household medicine.—*Com.*

IN the Nursery Burnett's Kalliston is peculiary adapted to the bathing of infants. A few drops is sufficient for a bowl of water.—*Com.*

RUPTURE can be cured without suffering. Elastic Trusses are superseding all others. Before buying Metal Trusses or Supporters, send for a discriptive circular to the Elastic Truss Co., 683 Broadway, N. Y.—*Com.*

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He had a pain from ear to ear,
Another between his eyes;
And when he saw he had Catarrh,
With all his might and main
He purchased Sage's Remedy
And has his health again.
It is sold by Druggists everywhere.—602.

IF JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT is half as valuable as people say it is, no family should be without it. Certainly no person, be he lawyer, doctor, minister, or of any other profession, should start on a journey without it. No sailor, fisherman, or woodsman should be without it. In fact, it is needed wherever there is an ache, sprain, cut, bruise, cough or cold.—*Com*

Farmers and "Horse Men" are continually inquiring what we know of the utility of SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY CONDITION POWDERS, and in reply, we would say, through the columns of this paper, that we have heard from hundreds who have used them with gratifying results; that is also our experience.—*Com.*

CHAPPED HANDS, face, rough skin, pimples, ring-worm, salt-rheum, and other cutaneous affections, cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the JUNIPER TAR SOAP made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is more convenient and easily applied than other remedies, avoiding the trouble of the greasy compounds now in use.—*Com.*

Whether for use on man or beast, the Merchant's Gargling Oil will be found an invaluable Liniment, and worthy of use by every resident in the land. We know of no proprietary medicine or article now used in the United States which shares the good will of the people to a greater degree than this.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A Novelty in Paper Collars.—The Elmwood Collar is made with folded edges, a fine cloth surface and is the best imitation of a linen collar ever worn. Ask for it at the Gent's Furnishing Stores.—*Com.*

Have it Always at Hand.—Accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and for this reason among many others, the MUSTANG LINIMENT should find a place in the cupboard of every household. In all the world there is nothing comparable to it as an application for cuts, contusions, burns, spasms, and scalds, and when every other preparation that medical ingenuity can suggest, has failed to afford relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, glandular swellings, muscular contractions, cramps, toothache, &c., this powerful anti-inflammatory and pain-destroying agent immediately assuages the sufferer's agony and eventually accomplishes a radical cure. Probably there is not a connoisseur in horse flesh or an amateur horseman in the land who does not know, either from personal observation or reports that the MUSTANG LINIMENT is the supreme remedy for all external diseases and injuries of the horse.—[Com.]

Best and Oldest Family Medicine.—*Sanford's Liver Invigorator.*—A purely Vegetable *Cathartic and Tonic*—for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Debility, Sick-headache, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Ask your Druggist for it. *Beware of imitations.*—[Com.]

Many Suffer rather than take nauseous medicine; and this is not to be wondered at, as the remedy is often worse than the disease. Sufferers from coughs, colds, influenza, sore throat, or tendency to Consumption, will find in *Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* a remedy as agreeable to the palate as effectual in removing disease.—*Com.*

AS QUICK AS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING does Cristadoro's Excelsior Hair Dye act upon the hair, whiskers and moustaches; no *shameless* tints, but the purest Raven or the most exquisite Browns will be evolved.—*Com*

IN ONE TO FIVE MINUTES, Headache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lame Back, Diarrhea, Croups, Sprains, and all similar complaints, *are relieved* by Flagg's Instant Relief,

OR MONEY REFUNDED. —*Com.*

Special Notices.

Lost Health Regained.

Self-neglect lays the foundation of much bodily suffering. As a rule men are more solicitous to repair and preserve their houses, stock in trade and other perishable property than to repair and preserve themselves. They can see when a wall requires a prop, or a weak structure a girder, but appear to be unconscious of, or indifferent to, the cracks and flaws and evidences of decay in their own frail and sensitive organizations.

The consequence of this want of common prudence is that thousands fall by the wayside in the prime of life every year who might have lived to enjoy a hale and hearty old age, if they had resorted to the proper means of recruiting their failing vigor at the proper time.

Seeing what that famous vitalizing and invigorating elixir, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has done for countless multitudes of the enervated and broken down, and with the long, unbroken record of its cures before him, it seems amazing that any sufferer from premature decay, nervous weakness, dyspepsia, biliousness, chronic constipation, or disease of a remittent or intermittent character, should delay, even for an hour, to seek the aid which its toning, regulating and invigorating properties have never failed to afford.

It is no exaggeration to say that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the most faithful ally of nature, in her struggles with weakness and disease, that medical botany and honest chemistry have yet given to the world.

Through the length and breadth of the land the celebrated SILVER TIPPED Boots and Shoes are sold by the million, for parents know they last twice as long as without Tips. Try them.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.
TO CONSUMPTIVES.
The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and all Throat or Lung Difficulties.
Parties wishing the prescription will please address
Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON.
194 Penn. Street, Williamsburgh, N. Y

Isabella, although she lost her crown, is said to be very particular what kind of shoe she wears. So are all who have worn the CABLE SCREW WIRE Boots & Shoes; they want no other. Pliable dry and durable.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.		
BEEF CATTLE—Prime to Extra......$	.12½a	.13½
First quality..........	.12½a	.13
Second..............	.12½a	.12½
Ordinary thin Cattle..	.11½a	.12
Inferior..............	.10½a	.11
MILCH COWS..............	40.00	a80.00
HOGS—LIVE..............	.04½a	.04½
Dressed..............	.05⅝a	.05½
SHEEP..............	.05½a	07½
COTTON Middling..............	.26¾a	.26¾
FLOUR—Extra Western..............	6.80 a	7.25
State Extra..............	6.80 a	7.25
WHEAT—Red Western..............	2 00 a	2.00
" State..............	1.98 a	2.00
RYE—Western..............	.97 a	.98
BARLEY—State..............	.69 a	.80
CORN—Mixed Western..............	.62 a	.69
OATS—Western..............	.51 a	.53
HAY..............	1.30 a	1.78
STRAW..............	.90 a	1.20
HOPS.............. '71's 25 a 65—'70's	10 a	.30
PORK—Mess..............	10.50	a13.50
LARD..............	.8¼a	.09¼
PETROLEUM—Crude..............	13½ Refined	.23½
BUTTER—State..............	.25 a	.28
Ohio W. R..............	.15 a	.18
" Fancy..............	.12 a	.15
Western ordinary..............	.10 a	.15
Pennsylvania fine..............	.25 a	.30
CHEESE—State Factory..............	.13½a	.14
" Skimmed..............	.5 a	.09
Ohio..............	.10 a	.13
EGGS—State..............	.16 a	.16½
BUFFALO.		
BEEF CATTLE..............	5.75	7.55
SHEEP..............	6.00 a	7.20
HOGS—Live..............	4.00 a	4 25
FLOUR..............	7.25	a12.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring..............	1.59 a	1.62
CORN..............	.53 a	.55
OATS..............	.44½a	.45
RYE..............	.98 a	1.00
BARLEY..............	.70 a	.75
LARD..............	.09 a	.09½
ALBANY.		
WHEAT..............	2.00 a	2.10
RYE—State..............	.90 a	1.00
CORN—Mixed..............	.68 a	.69
BARLEY—State..............	1.03 a	1.04
OATS—State..............	.50 a	.50
PHILADELPHIA.		
FLOUR—..............	6.00	a10.00
WHEAT—Western Red..............	2.10 a	2.10
White..............	2.20 a	2.20½
CORN—Yellow..............	.67 a	.67
Mixed..............	.65½a	.67
PETROLEUM—Crude..............	17½ refined	.23½
CLOVER SEED..............	9.00	a10.00
Timothy..............	3.25	
BALTIMORE.		
COTTON—Low Middling..............	24½a	.24½
FLOUR—Extra..............	7.75 a	8.75
WHEAT—Amber..............	2.00 a	2.10
CORN..............	.68 a	.82
OATS..............	.51 a	.52

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For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled.
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THE RISING SUN POLISH IN BULK, for stove dealers' use, at twelve cents per pound—twenty-five and fifty pound boxes. "Cheaper than any other Bulk Polish for nothing."
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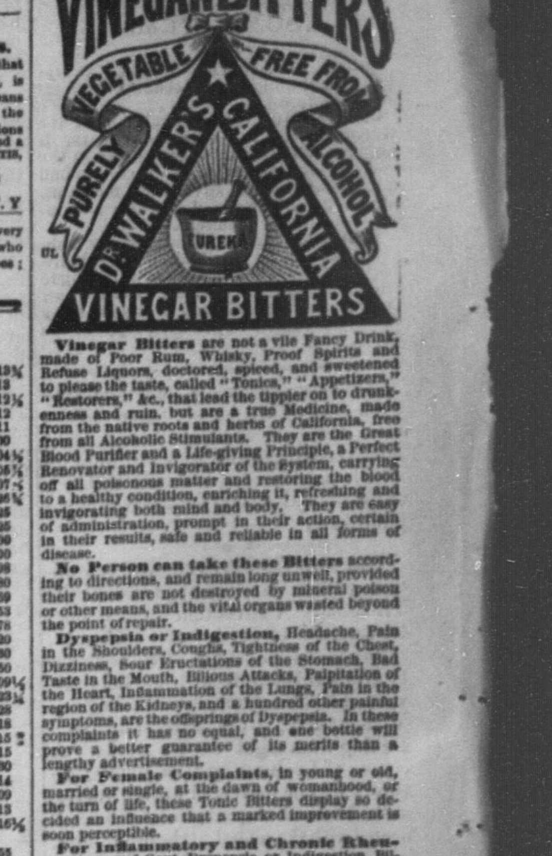
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KATALYSINE WATER is sold at the Spring at the following rates: Three-gallon demijohns, $3.00 each. Six-gallon demijohns, $5.00 each. Cases of two dozen quart bottles, $8.00 each. If neighboring druggists do not keep it, invalids may have it sent from the Spring by Railroad or Adams' Express, by enclosing Post Office Money Orders or Checks. Physicians and Clergymen supplied for their own use with three-gallon demijohns at $2.50 each; with six-gallon demijohns at $4.50 each; with cases of two dozen quarts at $6.50 each. Medical and clerical vocation must be certified by nearest Postmaster or other responsible parties. Address, WHITNEY BROS., 227 S. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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The Best
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Millions say
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MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!
Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.
This valuable preparation has been used with NEVER FAILING SUCCESS IN THOUSANDS OF CASES.
It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will also instantly relieve
Griping in the Bowels and Wind Colic.
We believe it the BEST and SUREST REMEDY IN THE WORLD, in all cases of DYSENTERY AND DIARRHEA IN CHILDREN, whether arising from teething or any other cause.
Depend upon it mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and
Relief and Health to Your Infants.
Be sure and call for
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Vinegar Bitters are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of Poor Rum, Whisky, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the Great Blood Purifier and a Life-giving Principle, a Perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition, enriching it, refreshing and invigorating both mind and body. They are easy of administration, prompt in their action, certain in their results, safe and reliable in all forms of disease.
No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.
Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. In these complaints it has no equal, and one bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.
For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible.
For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.
They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs and in Bilious Diseases.
For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.
Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.
Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.
Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist: There is scarcely an individual on the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.
Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS twice a week.
Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.
Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc., etc. In these as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.
Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters act on all these cases in a similar manner. By purifying the Blood they remove the cause, and by resolving away the effects of the inflammation (the tubercular deposits) the affected parts receive health, and a permanent cure is effected.
The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.
The Aperient and mild Laxative properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are the best safe-guard in cases of eruptions and malignant fevers. Their balsamic, healing, and soothing properties protect the humors of the fauces. Their Sedative properties allay pain in the nervous system, stomach, and bowels, from inflammation, wind, colic, cramps, etc.
Their Counter-Irritant influence extends throughout the system. Their Anti-Bilious properties stimulate the liver, in the secretion of bile, and its discharges through the biliary ducts, and are superior to all remedial agents, for the cure of Bilious Fever, Fever and Ague, etc.
Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.
Directions.—Take of the Bitters on going to bed at night from a half to one and one-half wine-glassful. Eat good nourishing food, such as beef-steak, mutton chop, venison, roast beef, and vegetables, and take out-door exercise. They are composed of purely vegetable ingredients, and contain no spirit.
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, Cal., & cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N.Y.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.

N. Y. N. U. No. 25

LADIES Wanted to sell Silver Plated Button Hole Cutters. Sample 25 cts. A. DAY, Detroit, Mich.

$290 for first-class Pianos. No discount. No Agents. Address U. S. PIANO Co., 865 Broadway, N. Y.

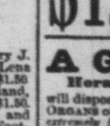
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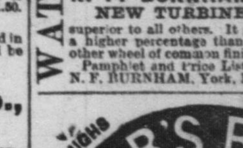
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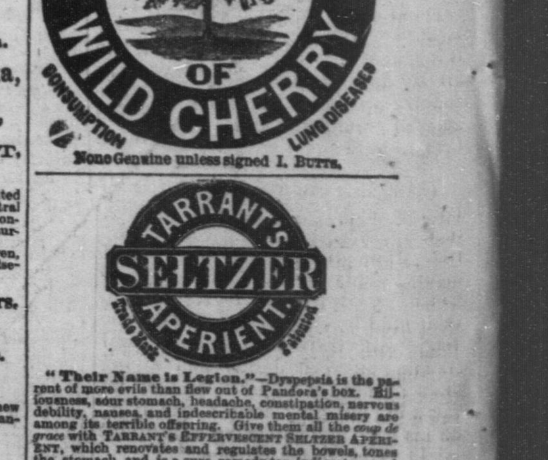
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